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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE RUSSIAN AGREEMENT AND APPEASEMENT

ANNOUNCEMENTS in the press that the Anglo-Soviet Agreement was on the point of being signed and that British Staff Officers would start for Moscow early next week were no sooner made than deprecated as premature. The circumstances of these inspired statements and withdrawals are highly obscure. But one thing is clear. Britain has now offered to send a military mission to the U.S.S.R. and to begin military conversations simultaneously with the signing of the Pact. Secondly, note that this mission will not leave (though we believe its composition was decided some time ago) for another week or more—which means that Staff conversations cannot begin until the House of Commons rises. Thirdly, the opposition to the Soviet Pact from influential people continues unabated, and all sorts of plans for different types of settlement are being actively canvassed, as the public discovered when the Hudson plan was revealed this week. The Polish position is weakened by British haggling about the terms of the armaments loan.

On all this two things are to be said. First, provided that there is a Russian Pact, proposals that now smell of appeasement in the most dangerous sense at once become proper and, indeed, the only possible policy. The Peace Front must be a peace, not a war, front and efforts to get the Germans to talk are eminently desirable provided Hitler knows that advance by pressure will be resisted and that no lightning war can be won on either front. Once that is clear there is no topic that cannot be discussed. The second comment is that military conversations are the real crux: they are far more likely to impress Hitler than any paper Pact. Further, the difficulties of defining "indirect aggression" in any satisfactory way are great, and two Governments which distrust each other might go on haggling about them for months. Once Staff conversations are instituted the situation should be changed, because political definition ought to give way to technical questions of practical co-operation in an emergency. The overwhelming importance of the Russian conversations is that their success would make aggression no longer attractive to Hitler, that negotiation would thus become possible and that we might thereby be enabled to escape from the appalling dilemma of surrender or war with which Mr. Chamberlain has seemed intent on confronting his fellow-countrymen.

Hush ! Mr. Hudson

Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons that he would like to know who told the world about Mr. Hudson's conversation with Herr Wohltat. Actually the plan was long bruited about Fleet Street; the Germans and the Spaniards and the British and the French all discussed it from various points of view before and after the conversation had taken place—with or without the knowledge of the Prime Minister himself. As for the plan itself, we can see nothing wrong in attempting to get Germany to talk economics, provided the Russian Alliance is signed. But, unfortunately, Mr. Hudson's proposals were premature and showed a complete misunderstanding of Germany's economic position. The idea that, if the Nazis agreed to disarmament—if it is possible—we should lend them money to help them through their difficulties, can be accepted only by those who fail to realise that the Nazi planned economy could be more easily switched into peace production than our own. With the cessation of the armaments race, Germany would immediately become the most formidable competitor in the world's export markets without any assistance from the City of London; and it would be the Liberal-capitalist countries, like Britain and France, which would face economic disaster. Will our rulers never learn that the Nazis' " economic difficulties " are all part of a deliberate policy? They have chosen guns in preference to butter, discarded the gold standard and created a novel " power-economy " equally effective in peace or war. Neither Mr. Hudson, nor the F.B.I., nor yet the finance houses of London will lure them back to *laisser faire*, even by the most generous of loans.

Polish Loan Deadlock

Poland's enthusiasm for the leading members of the Peace Bloc is scarcely being fostered by the British Treasury's treatment of her financial mission. Negotiations for an export credit of £8,000,000 to facilitate Polish purchases of arms in this country are still proceeding, smoothly but slowly. On the other hand, complete deadlock appears to have been reached with regard to the cash loans of £8,500,000 (including £3,500,000 from France) which had been tentatively promised. Sir John Simon declined to explain to Parliament the nature of the differences which have arisen; but it is widely believed that the Poles, fearing delays in securing deliveries of British munitions, asked that the cash loans should be in the form of gold or free exchange available for purchases in the U.S.A. or elsewhere. The Treasury's reply was to insist that, in return, the Polish Government must spend a pound of its own gold reserve for every lent pound expended outside Britain. This stipulation, coinciding with the Hudson-Wohltat loan talks in London, has made a deplorable impression in Warsaw; and the German press has not helped matters by suggestions that the Treasury's stiffened attitude is due to an unfavourable report from General Ironside on Poland's military strength. Is this the 1939 substitute for a Runciman visit?

The State of Spain

A crop of rumours took flight from Spain last week about the notorious General Queipo de Llano, who was said to have got into hot water on account of an indiscreet speech. The General himself now pooh-poohs them as " fantastic nonsense." He has, it appears, actually gone to Burgos to talk to General Jordana, the Foreign Minister, and it is reported that he is being given an ambassadorial post in South America. Whatever the truth in all this may be, it is pretty clear that the Spanish Fascists are not a happy family. Opposition to the Falangists is hardening, and there are divergent views about foreign policy. General Aranda is advocating " neutrality," with Franco's own approval, apparently. He does not think that Count Ciano's visit has done anything to tie Spain more tightly to Italy, and he declares himself a partisan of good relations with Great Britain. These views, which came out in an interview with a Lisbon newspaper, must of course be taken for what they are worth. But it is significant that they should have been publicly expressed. Meanwhile, the " reconstruction " of the unhappy country makes little progress. There is news of a more or less elaborate reorganisation of the army; but the big social and economic reforms, of which the civil population is so desperately in need, are still " castles in Spain."

Palestine Immigration

The debate on Palestine in the House of Commons last week did nothing to conciliate the Opposition, who were in full blast against the Government's new policy. Mr. MacDonald put up a creditable defence. He refused to be drawn on the question of the Permanent Mandates Commission's report, which it is rumoured will be unfavourable: he will deal with it fully, he said, when it appears. With the immigration question, he was on more difficult ground. Few of us like the idea of shutting the door, even temporarily, on all Jewish immigrants—as a punishment, so to speak, for the " illegal entry " of some. But these " illegal " refugees, who have found their way in in substantial numbers, constitute a serious problem. Any acquiescence in their entry must obviously knock the bottom out of the White Paper policy—or indeed of any policy that in all the circumstances can possibly hope to achieve a settlement in Palestine. Mr. MacDonald declared that this illegal immigration was a " deliberately organised movement to smash the White Paper policy." That it is aggravating Arab hostility, is hardly open to doubt. And if it be true that the Jews are encouraging it, it is surely a grave error on their part. That the Zionists should be warm in supporting the exclusion of any of their people is hardly to be expected. But the smashing of the White Paper policy, at this stage, and by such means, is more likely to spell disaster than victory for Jewish hopes.

" Indirect Aggression " in the Baltic

Information we have received from a reliable source explains why Moscow has been so unyielding in its demands that any Anglo-Russian pact should cover cases of indirect aggression. Since signing the non-aggression pacts with the Reich, the Governments of Latvia and Estonia have shown ominous signs of Nazification. The two foreign secretaries were recently received by Herr Hitler and invited Herr von Ribbentrop to return the visit. Already the Chief of the German Staff has reviewed the Estonian army, while courtesy visits have been paid to Riga and

Talinn by units of the German fleet, and thousands of Nazi tourists are now arriving to study the zone of Germany's next activities. These facts may explain the vehemence with which the Baltic states refused to participate in the guarantees demanded by Russia. For the first time their government-controlled press forgot its gratitude to the Western Powers for their assistance in the War of Liberation, jeered at "the muddles of the peace front" and suggested that Great Britain should "think rather of colonial redistribution if she desired to safeguard peace in Europe."

Popular Reactions

These evidences of the "vital strength of the two nations" were warmly applauded and quoted by the Nazi and Fascist press and wireless. But it should not be supposed that the Baltic peoples have become pro-German. The peasants, a vast majority of the population, though anti-communist, are not anti-Russian; and in 1935 welcomed Mr. Litvinov's proposal for an Eastern Locarno. Remembering centuries of oppression by the German Barons, and the horrors of the occupation in the Great War, all classes distrust Hitler's intentions and would side with the Western Powers if they dared to do so. Recently there have been signs even in governmental circles of a stiffening resistance. Latvian papers make frequent references to the sufferings of the Czechs and do not need to point the moral. Quite recently the Riga papers have begun to criticise the behaviour of the German minority and give great prominence to the news from South Tirol, bluntly asserting that such an evacuation would be desirable in Latvia. But though the peoples are opposed to it, indirect aggression will soon complete the *Gleichschaltung* of the Baltic States if the Western Powers continue to overlook the fact that it is going on.

The Russian Navy

The secrecy surrounding the Soviet Navy has been partially removed by a speech by the Commissar for the Navy and an article in *Pravda* signed by Tevossyan, the Commissar for Ship Building. In the latter an unusual amount of precise information is given. We learn that between 1928 and 1938, the Red Navy was reinforced by 480 ships, with a total displacement of 858,000 tons, of which an unusually large number (unspecified), were torpedo-boats and submarines. As regards the submarines, maximum surface speeds of over 23 knots, 20 knots, and 13 knots are given for large, medium, and small types respectively, of which the first are stated to have a cruising range of about 16,000-20,000 miles. Under-surface speed is given as over 8-10 knots, and diving capacity as over 270-300 feet. "1938 and the beginning of 1939," the article goes on, "gave the Red Navy reinforcements in new surface warships, and it is to be noted that a new practice was established by building in winter." Torpedo-boats and destroyers reach a speed of over 36-40 knots. Ships of the line are equal in firing capacity o H.M.S. *King George V*, their armour-plate being sufficiently strong to withstand the impact of up to three torpedoes, while cruisers can fire over three tons of metal per minute. "By 1942-43, we should occupy one of the leading positions among the world's great sea-powers." It is interesting to note that this year's Italian Naval Annual gives specific details of 160 Soviet submarines, 59 destroyers, 3 aircraft carriers, and 12 cruisers—no mean fleet in itself.

British Films

The least satisfactory feature disclosed by the Films Council in its first annual report is the decline in the production of short films having educational value. The insistence of cinema audiences on value for money in the shape of "two feature" programmes has reduced considerably the demand for entertainment "shorts," the producers of which make educational films as a side-line. The Council suggest that educational film libraries, assuring a regular market to producers of this class of picture, might be established. The suggestion is one which local educational authorities might well take up. So far as "feature" films are concerned, the report expresses hope of better days in store for British studios. Under the new Act a number of artistically and commercially successful pictures have been made—usually in conjunction with American distributing interests. It is in the sphere of short films, however, that the best, and most distinctively British work has been done in this country. It would be deplorable if this side of the industry were submerged.

The I.R.A. Bill

The Prevention of Violence Bill had its second reading on Tuesday, and was rushed through its final stages in the Commons on Wednesday. The conspirators, with the murderous explosions at King's Cross and Victoria, while the House was in Committee, did their best to ensure it a speedy passage. Only two amendments were accepted—one providing that the Home Secretary shall make quarterly reports to Parliament on expulsions, the other empowering him to refer cases, about which there may be reasonable doubt, for advice by an independent person nominated by himself. These are very slight modifications of a measure which on the face of it fundamentally abrogates age-long principles of English law and procedure. The Bill can only be justified as a deplorable necessity in a critical situation. The Government believe —and most of us will share the belief—that the Irish terrorists are backed by foreign support: we are, in fact, on our defence in the war of "indirect aggression." The fear that this measure may presently be used not merely against an enemy over the water, but to invade liberties at home, is widespread and genuine. The only precarious guarantee is the good faith of the Government—coupled with their professed confidence that these new police powers will enable them to stamp out the mischief promptly and effectively. If they do not—or if Ireland will not admit the assassins expelled from Britain—then, says Sir Samuel Hoare, we must have new legislation, which presumably means internment. Meanwhile the I.R.A. campaign again raises the spectre of the old Sinn Fein complications with the United States. We may forget too in the necessity of putting down terrorism that sane as well as insane Irishmen still feel bitterly about Partition and Britain's part in maintaining it.

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"STATING THE FACTS"

IN the House of Commons on Monday, Mr. Chamberlain made a remarkable statement on China. A formula has been agreed upon between Britain and Japan which recognises "the actual situation" in China and which amounts in effect to recognising a Japanese conquest of North China. This Mr. Chamberlain regards as a question not of policy, but of fact. It should be said at once that it is not a statement of fact; every observer agrees, and the Japanese press itself admits, that Japan is not succeeding in her war with China, but is bogged there. She has not conquered the areas she occupies, but holds them with difficulty, and she has so far generally failed to find Chinese officials to administer under her authority. Secondly, this British recognition of Japan's "special requirements for the purpose of safeguarding her own security and maintaining public order in regions under her control" is, however disguised, a statement of policy. When the Tokio conversations opened, Britain laid down that they should be limited to a discussion of the position in Tientsin. The new formula concedes the Japanese demand that the whole question of Japan's position in China may be discussed. Japan is asking Britain to adopt an attitude of neutrality or "non-intervention" in China, which means exactly what non-intervention meant in Spain. We are to be blackmailed into withdrawing the limited help that we have given to China.

The implications of this decision to recognise Japan's "special requirements" in China are first seen in the realm of finance. Britain has been supporting the Chinese dollar, and without that support China cannot buy materials of war from abroad. Britain at the same time is supplying Japan (though the United States supplies far more) and, by maintaining her trade with Japan, helping to maintain Japan's gold reserve without which she cannot buy the materials she needs. Experts agree that the one effective method of bringing pressure to bear on Japan is a threat to boycott her exports to this country, the United States and the Dominions. In that case, her currency would become immediately unstable, and if at the same time support was given to the Chinese dollar, the war of attrition, which is now all that Japan can achieve in China, would very quickly swing in favour of the Chinese Republic. It is true that such a move would not be effective without the collaboration of the United States, but it is also true that until Britain has unambiguously announced a desire to try such a policy American co-operation will not be forthcoming. In any case, the result of the failure of Britain and America to give resolute help to China is that the Chinese dollar slumped heavily while Mr. Chamberlain was making his speech, and the Japanese currency was simultaneously strengthened. News now reaches us that Mr. Roosevelt is abrogating the American trade treaty with Japan, to take effect in six months. Does this perhaps prelude a greater willingness to collaborate with Britain in exercising economic pressure on Japan? It should in any case strengthen the hands of Britain's negotiators, who have not yet given way on the crucial issue of the currency. But the past history of the National Government, whose policy from January, 1932, onwards, has largely increased America's uncooperative attitude, shows that Britain's pro-Japanese attitude has other underlying and paralysing reasons.

The first is the preference that Sir John Simon and many Conservative M.P.s have shown for the Japanese cause ever since the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. They hoped then and apparently still hope that, when Japan has succeeded in conquering China, British interests will be safeguarded at least on the Yangtse and that Japanese capital will accept British capital as a partner in the exploitation of China. They openly said this during the Manchurian War, only to find, when the F.B.I. mission went to Manchukuo at the conclusion of the war, that Japan had shut the door firmly in their face. The same delusion, we believe, still exists in the minds of some influential business people. During the China war, many shipping and transport firms have done a roaring trade; their profits have never been so high. These business interests, though shocked by Japanese disregard for other foreign interests in China, prefer making profits while they can to the risks of incurring further Japanese hostility.

The second plea, which can hardly be taken seriously by the Government itself, though it is commonly put forward on its behalf, is that if we behave in a friendly manner to Japan, we may succeed in preventing her from acting with the Axis Powers. That there should still be this delusion is as strange as the delusion that Japan intends to collaborate with foreign capital in China. It is true that there is plenty of friendly feeling towards the British in Japan, and true too that the German and Italian press is annoyed that Britain should be discussing amicable relations with Japan at a time when Japan should, in their view, be joining up with the Axis. But no one who knows the psychology of the Japanese leaders can doubt that the effect of British abdication in the Far East would be to discourage the Chinese, whose resistance has long held up the advance of the Axis, and to enable Japan to attack the U.S.S.R., whose alliance we are supposed to be attempting to obtain. To hope to buy Japan off with bribes is again to indulge the pathetic hope, proved, alas! illusory on so many occasions, that if we behave in a conciliatory way towards the Japanese War Government the submerged liberal and industrial elements in Japan will have a better chance of gaining control. Japanese liberalism stands no chance while the war machine advances. The Axis is not weakened by actions that strengthen its constituent parts. For years British diplomacy hoped to break it in Europe by strengthening first the Berlin end of it and then the Rome end. In the same way diplomacy that strengthens Tokio strengthens Berlin.

Now we come once again to the practical and most difficult aspect of the situation. British power in China has always depended on prestige. "Face" is like a currency which is maintained because it is generally accepted, not because its gold coverage is adequate once confidence is withdrawn. Britain has never had the power to look after her concessions if there were an attack simultaneously upon them, and they ought, of course, to have been handed back to China long ago. To-day, there can be no question of a war with Japan in China. All other considerations apart, Britain is not in a position to fight such a war. A year ago we urged in this journal that Britain should evacuate its nationals from places where they could not be defended. We pointed out that they

were permanent hostages in Japanese hands and that Japan would never take seriously either our friendship or our warnings as long as we attempted to maintain these indefensible positions. If we now warn Japan that we are prepared to evacuate Tientsin and, if necessary, other positions, but that we shall do so with the object of bringing economic pressure on her and of increasing our help to the Chinese, the result may be a surprising change in the Japanese attitude. They will know that we are no longer open to blackmail, that a boycott is a real possibility and that we are in a position to support the Chinese currency without fear and to supply Chinese needs, as far as they still can be supplied, through the Burma routes. An article we publish this week shows how seriously Japan regards this backdoor into China and how dangerous our neglect of it may become. The Japanese will not respect us as long as they know that we are merely trying to hold on to business interests that they can destroy when they will. If we abandon this attitude we shall be in a position to help China, and in the long run we shall maintain more of our own trade and position than by any other tactics.

The policy of blindly holding on to a few business interests without any regard for decency or law will bring us to the final humiliation. Even to-day if the British Government would recall the more generous of British traditions and take a longer view of national interests, it could in effect say to Japan: "If you wish to make our position in Tientsin and elsewhere impossible, you can do so. We do not propose to recognise your position in China. We do not propose to collaborate with you in one of the least justifiable wars in history. We propose to retreat where we cannot stand, but also to do all in our power to help the Chinese." In that case, we should maintain our dignity and the world's respect, and in the long run, if Britain and America helped China, Japan would be forced to abandon her war and Britain and America would be in a position to return on a basis of friendship with the Chinese.

INDIRECT AGGRESSION IN BURMA

MUCH has been read in the press these last months of the new Burma-Yunnan road linking Rangoon with south-west China. The viewpoint of the Burman, who is strangely antagonistic to the highway, has been neglected and cannot be understood without some knowledge of the extent to which Japanese influence has rooted itself in Burma.

The ground is made very favourable for such penetration by the presence of a large Chinese minority numbering some 200,000, or about 1.3 per cent. of the total population according to the last census. The Chinese in Burma fall into three main groups. Half of them are Yunnanese agriculturalists and labourers in the Northern Shan States. There is a solid block of 30,000 in Rangoon, mainly Cantonese and Fukienese traders and shopkeepers. Again, 10 per cent. of the mining population of Burma are Chinese, largely on the Siamese border in the south where they own and work many of the smaller tin and wolfram mines. The rest are scattered over Burma and the village pawnbroker is usually a Chinaman. Hence they are regarded with much the same odium as attaches to the Jews in Eastern Europe. Although the Chinese minority is much less important than the Indian, the community has a disproportionately large share of the economic activity of the country.

On the other hand, although Japanese goods have a very strong hold in the bazaars, there are probably under 1,500 Japanese in the whole of Burma. This trade permeation affords a first obvious foothold for propaganda. The Japan-Burma Association issues from Tokio a trade review in which the President of the Nagoya Chamber of Commerce declares that "Burma and Japan had been spiritually united since many centuries ago through the medium of Buddhism. This state of amity is being further bolstered with cultural exchange to-day. The separation of Burma and India is looked upon with much delight by the Japanese people, and it is hoped that the new political status of Burma will enable its people to develop more fully the great potentialities of the country and open the way towards autonomy. I feel with the utmost confidence that the Burmese-Japanese relation is destined to ripen into the highest form of international friendship." One would presume this last expression to be a delicate euphemism for annexation.

Another pointer to Japanese influence is the demand for State scholars to be sent to Japan instead of to England. The Burmese press states that on the advice of the C.I.D. passports to Japan are refused to students suspected of Communist leanings. One might have supposed that a stay in a country which is a main pillar of the Anti-Comintern bloc was the best prophylactic against such "dangerous thoughts," but such subtleties do not occur to the official mind. It is freely asserted that Japanese money subsidises certain Nationalist leaders. No reliance need be placed on such rumours and still less on the vague and fantastic talk of the bazaars, which, however, does indicate the general feeling among the Burmese about "our friends" who will organise the movement against British rule; there is even a naïve expectation of the appearance of Japanese aeroplanes which will deliver Burma from the British yoke.

More important than all this is the effect of Japanese propaganda on Burmese political opinion as directly revealed by the *Stanhall* affair. The *Stanhall* was en route from Russia to Hankow, and when that city fell she proceeded instead to Burma with a large cargo including field-guns and munitions. She arrived in Rangoon River about the middle of November last and it was reported on the 19th that although there were various Customs delays "the Burma Government sees no reason why it should prohibit the transport of the cargo through Burma." By the 20th practically the entire Burmese press was displaying a great deal of alarm. The *New Light of Burma* (whose circulation of about 20,000 is the largest in Burma) wrote that "in an interview, a Japanese official spokesman here said that if permission were given by the British Government to transport arms and ammunition from the *Stanhall* to Yunnan, it would be considered as an unfriendly act. . . . No compensation would be made by the Japanese Government, the spokesman continued, should stray bombs fall on the Burma side if an aerial attack was launched in Yunnan against the ammunition lorries." Other papers also condemned the action of the Government as "highly detrimental to the inhabitants of Burma," and the agitation even spread to India. The Government issued a statement saying that such incidents were "inconceivable . . . in Burma, which, as a part of the British Empire, is at peace with all other nations." Notwithstanding this, the Myochit Party sent a letter to the Governor asking for a clear statement of policy. It expressed sympathy with the Chinese people, but stated that there had been "driven home a general impression that the British Government is asking for trouble in Burma by not associating itself with a strict policy of non-intervention." This party was then the leading opposition group and was popularly believed to be very much under Japanese influence. Since then, after leading a civil disobedience campaign, its leader has joined the new Government, whose first achievement was the suppression of picketing round European offices in Rangoon.

The Opposition, both old and new, has also made great play with hordes of Chinese immigrants alleged to be entering by the new road. It was also stated that the British had a direct interest in prolonging the war, and one paper published an

article under the picturesque heading "The British Will Starve if There are No Sale of Arms and Ammunition." Attacks along these lines continue, although there appears to be in fact little more than the usual seasonal movement of Chinese labour across the border, and so far the arms have been mostly Russian. The inspiration of the articles in the Burmese press was eventually traced to the Japanese Consul, who admitted that he had spoken about bombs dropping on the Burma side of the border, but only as a joke to a newspaper man who was a personal friend of his. He has since been succeeded by another Consul, but according to the Burmese press, which for once does not take him seriously, he now alleges that the Chinese had formed assassination plots against all the staff of his Consulate.

The agitation has taken a new turn since the fall of Dr. Ba Maw's Government. The late Premier is now waving the anti-imperialist banner with great fervour. This fresh line of attack fastened upon the loss of revenue entailed by the agreement to charge very low transit duties on the *Stanhall* arms and to remit the excise duty on oil exported to China by land. Despite the fact that the latter decision had been approved by a member of his own Cabinet, Dr. Ba Maw sought to transfer responsibility for this matter to the Defence Department (which is not under control of Ministers), and he actually demanded of the Government whether it was bound to honour the agreement reached under his own preceding administration. This, although the most striking, is but one of a number of incidents which suggest that the doctrine of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet is not yet an article of faith with Burmese politicians. In his speech on the Budget, Dr. Ba Maw asserted that he understood that "Japan was out to promote the liberation of the brown and yellow peoples and Burma had nothing to fear from that quarter."

Incredible as it may seem, some circles in Burma appear to believe that they can actually use the Japanese to assist them in destroying British rule and that after this their Buddhist brethren will kindly hand back Burma to the Burmans. One does not need to believe that the British Government is supporting the new highway merely for love of the Chinese. Hong Kong's year of booming trade came to an end with the fall of Canton, but to British interests there appears to be no reason why Rangoon should not take its place as the great *entrepôt* for the China trade. Nevertheless, while British motives may not be entirely disinterested, the increasing opposition of the Burmese press seems to be largely manufactured and is at the least very convenient for the purposes of Japanese militarism. It is all very well for Dr. Ba Maw to say that Burma is now being used as a pawn in the international game of British Imperialism; but Burmans should beware lest their country become no more than a helpless pawn in the Japanese game.

D. J. H.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to F. Miles.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I am certain that the world needs contrast and the slums supply it.—Rachel Ferguson in *Passionate Kensington.*

These four young Bournemouth men left Southampton to-day in the *Europa*. They will run round the deck, in relays, all the way to New York "to carry a message of universal friendship among the youth of all nations," holding a "torch of peace." From New York they will keep on running to Washington, to present the torch to President Roosevelt.—*Star.*

Shooting.—East Anglia. Safe guns required. 2,300 pheasants, 600 partridges probable. Reduced subscription. War now unlikely. —Advert. in *Times*, E.C.4.

Unlike Russia, we are above suspicion "of Imperial ambitions of our own in China."—Scrutator in *Sunday Times.*

Would you please tell me is it correct for a lady visitor arriving for tea to ignore the maid who admits her, or to say good afternoon?

Also should the maid say good afternoon if the lady ignores her?—Letter in *Daily Mirror.*

No analysis of the character of a gentleman is more often quoted than an elaborate paragraph by Cardinal Newman, which nevertheless is fundamentally wrong. . . . There are, of course, many great gentlemen in the Roman Church—at least among those who have been born and bred Catholics; but the ideals are different. The combination of strength and gentleness, and the supreme obligation to play the game are not so often met with under the Roman obedience. —Dean W. R. Inge in *Belfast Telegraph.*

But hunting people are not all such a terrible crowd as suggested. . . It is a fact that many hunting men are regular attendants at the village church, and have proved stalwart opponents of Anglo-Catholicism.—Letter in *English Churchman.*

A LONDON DIARY

SOMETHING drastic had to be done about the I.R.A. if only to prevent a terrible wave of xenophobia sweeping through this country. On two occasions recently quiet country labourers with nothing against Irishmen have said to me "these people ought to be shot and be done with it." And the feeling in London is far stronger. The King's Cross bomb was a shocking outrage and the experts say that if the bomb in Piccadilly had exploded outwards instead of inwards many hundreds of people would have been killed and injured. Sir Samuel Hoare made it clear that German money is involved, and he might have made his case even stronger by quoting a recent I.R.A. Bulletin that boasted of responsibility for the recent factory fires. Weighing this up, I cannot see that there is any alternative to deporting suspects: it is better than giving them long terms of imprisonment. They are not ordinary criminals; their object is political and they behave with all the courage of fanaticism. One man the other day refused to say a word to help the judge to pass a lesser sentence and practically demanded the ten years he got. If I were in authority I should deport the men who have been put in prison before they get under way with hunger striking. In the case of suspects deportation seems the only possible thing, provided—a big proviso—the right people are deported and provided—another big proviso—safeguards can be found against making a precedent of this complete reversal of the rule of law. The police, I'm told, believe they can scotch the whole affair by deporting some 150 men—which sounds optimistic.

* * *

In all past cases of agitation in this country in which men have run great risks for a political ideal, the right answer has been: "Remove the grievance; don't think you can destroy a political movement by violent repression." True, you can't; and deporting Irishmen will not solve the problem of partition. But I cannot with the best will in the world see any simple solution for the British Government to take. Historically of course it is true that Ulster has been an outpost of the blackest Tory reaction and a garrison from which Ireland could be kept down. No excuse can be made for the folly and greed of Ulster in seizing Fermanagh and Tyrone at the time of Partition and no excuse should be attempted for the intolerance and oppression of the Ulster Government. We ought to do everything in our power to obtain a more accommodating attitude both in Ulster and the Free State. But no responsible person in the Free State thinks that it would be good for the British garrison simply to be withdrawn now to enable Ulster and the Free State to fight it out. One must remember that the right solution is a Federal one, and that if Ulster were just absorbed we should add yet another to the list of oppressed minorities rightly struggling to be free. The religious problem is real. Take a few of the smaller examples of the

hardship the absorption of Ulster would mean. All divorce and all birth control prohibited. An Irish Board of Censors which makes it illegal to read a great deal of the best modern literature and which bans valuable works of science. Its decrees are sometimes as ridiculous as they are vexing; I remember them banning a book called *Bare Knee Days*. What obscenity the clerical mind suspected I would not like to guess; but the book was in fact a volume of Scout Memoirs.

* * *

I have been inquiring about the emergency organisation that is to run the country if there is a war this summer, or perhaps if there is not a war, but an emergency of another kind instead. (I notice that the Poles have not protested at the continual German militarisation of Danzig and I suspect that arrangements are being made for it to go to Germany "by a twist" as the Germans say). I find that the organisation is almost the same as that which ran us during the General Strike. All the old dug-outs who look forward to having authority again and bossing other people are on the job and their wives are now getting into officers' uniform too. This applies much less to the A.R.P. organisation, which is on the whole a democratic affair—it cannot be exclusive with 2,000,000 members. But the lack of direction in early days, and the vagaries of our local government system have accentuated weaknesses which were inevitable in a part-time army; and Wardens all over the country will welcome such constructive criticism as appears in the Air Defence League's new bulletin (No. 6. The Warden Service, 6*d*.). The most important defects exposed in this pamphlet, the weakness of personnel in the most vulnerable areas, were an inevitable result of the decision to base recruitment on the arbitrary divisions of local government. Boroughs like Stepney, which cannot be expected to create their own service, should, it is suggested, be helped from outside; and in urban areas centralised regional control should be begun before the commencement of war. Another serious difficulty is that the full complement of Wardens cannot be expected to turn out on any given occasion, and a raid at 11 a.m., when the majority are at work, might strain the organisation to breaking-point. Here the League suggests that an increase of women wardens and the enrolment of workers for full-time war-service in trades which will close down in an emergency might meet the difficulty. Another problem is that of permanence. At present overworked Town Clerks, City Engineers and M.O.H.s are trying to combine A.R.P. with their normal duties; and the League asks very pertinently what is to happen if war does not come in the near future!

* * *

An English friend who has lived for some years in Japan provides me with some interesting sidelights on public opinion. He tells me that life is still easy for an Englishman: the Japanese are individually as friendly as possible in spite of their soldiers' tendency to take off the trousers of Englishmen in China. They learn English as much as ever, read and study English literature and culturally cultivate everything English. Dislike of the Chinese war is general. When is it going to end? they ask each other constantly. Not long ago a Minister suggested in a speech that peace negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek were not impossible. Immediately police notices appeared on the walls warning people not to take this suggestion too seriously and not on any account to organise peace meetings!

* * *

A few weeks ago I quoted from a letter written by a Czech farmer refugee who wanted his horse. Here is another letter with a similar mixture of pathos and humour, this time from a Spanish concentration camp in France:

To the Lady Mrs. ——

DEAR MADAME:

Once more we apply to your kindly attention, and we beg you, to excuse us in this ours impertinents lines, bothering you whith our troubles.

But we don't know how to get out, of this poor situation, we don't see the end of it. Weeks and months passed by, and one day dosen't defere from the other, if is not in the temperature.

Really is not your fault, and is not in our mind, to blame you or anyone else. But the thruth is this; we are here, and we don't know how to get out. . . .

Now another ingratefull thing, we have not money or nothing like it, and we need a lot of things, but specially we will thank you, if by your way, you could help us, whith a few ounces of tea and sugar, to prevent us from drinking so much water, in these warm days.

We thank you and pray you to excuse us. Wishing you the best of health.

* * *

I am sorry to read that Gretna Green will close down for marriages at the end of the year, and sorry to read Lord Russell's attack upon it from the Bench. But I seem to be alone in my sorrow. I read that the blacksmith's shop is probably not the right one, that marriages weren't really celebrated for runaways in the eighteenth century there—in fact, that it is all Harrison Ainsworth and not a genuine antique. So what? It is certainly no more bogus than the Druidical basis of the Eisteddfod and other innocent Victorian fakes. For a lot of simple-minded couples it has invested their marriage with an air of romance and adventure. Cheap and false, you may say; but if it was not cheap and false to *them* neither you nor I have any right to interfere. The once-famous irregularities have long ago been ended; all couples married over the anvil must have fulfilled the residential conditions. These islands are too full of people who interfere for interference's sake; it is not worth many tears, but I think they might have left the cardboard blacksmith alone.

* * *

The snappiest, if not the most accurate, comment I've seen this week runs:

Partly screened behind a whale,
Herr Wohltat brought peace for sale,
Now it seems that Herr Wohltat
Set a whale to catch a sprat.

CRITIC

ADOLESCENCE, EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY

IN England and Wales, there are just under three million boys and girls aged between fourteen and eighteen. Of these, about one-third of a million—71 per cent. of whom are under sixteen—are occupied in some form of full-time education. Of the remainder, less than half a million receive any form of even part-time training. This leaves about two and a quarter million boys and girls, most of whom, during what are perhaps the most difficult years of their development, are thrown on the world without map or compass, with practically no technical knowledge, little experience of life, no philosophy, and no aesthetic or moral cultivation. The majority are driven by their parents and by economic necessity to seek unskilled jobs in industry—mostly jobs that are utterly uninteresting, purely mechanical and repetitive; leading nowhere but to dead-ends and subsequent unemployment.

The period of adolescence is, in many ways, the most important in human life. The influences that are brought to bear during the few years that make up that period largely determine what is to be the character of the individual for the rest of his life. Yet it is precisely at this time in his career that we, having schooled him and inspected him and more or less efficiently doctored him from the age of three to that of fourteen or fifteen, suddenly turn the ordinary boy adrift, in a world which makes no effort to accommodate him, a world to which he is but ill-fitted to accommodate himself.

In such events, what are the possibilities open to youth? If a boy has exceptional talent, no doubt he will generally manage to force or find his way into some tolerable status; but the very fact that he is exceptional implies that the great majority possess no such key to advancement. Most unemployed young men of sixteen years and upwards have only the choice between moping away the day in a dingy one or two roomed tenement necessarily devoid of almost every civilised amenity, and walking about the streets of the dreariest parts of

our cities—and this, too, just at the time when imagination is at its highest, enthusiasm at its keenest, and the spirit of adventure most alive. Need we be surprised if these potent psychic forces, the true life-capital of every normal adolescent, hindered from manifesting themselves along any of those wholesome lines available both to peoples living in simpler conditions of life and to the more favoured classes in our own "cultivated" society, sometimes find expression in strange and often socially embarrassing ways.

It is a jaundiced view which leads us to speak of industrial unemployment as though itself were a human tragedy. The tragedy consists not in the unemployment, but in the demoralising effect of continuous leisure on those who have neither the means nor the training which would enable them truly to enjoy that leisure. Forced unemployment is inevitably a tragedy for a man or boy untrained in any art, untrained even in thinking, unexercised in any craft other than those associated with machine-tending; just able, through doles and the like, to satisfy the bare material needs of existence.

There has just been published an interesting book called *The Needs of Youth** by Dr. A. E. Morgan, the recent Vice-Chancellor of McGill University. Dr. Morgan was invited by the Council of King George's Jubilee Trust to inquire into and report on the bearing of our educational and industrial systems on boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age. He has evidently made a thorough survey of the relevant facts, and this book is his report.

Dr. Morgan approaches the problem in an unprejudiced and scientific spirit, and his criticisms and suggestions are candid, understanding, and infused with human sympathy. He gives impartial and informing accounts of the impacts of our educational system, our financial and economic system, and of the many voluntary organisations for boys and girls, on adolescent youth. The facts show that both our system of education and our industrial system are discordant with average human nature, and make but a poor contribution to the development of human individuality and fullness of life. Of our industrial system Dr. Morgan writes: "A false value is attached to work in our modern conditions. In large measure work has ceased to be an absorbing means of expression, and is sought merely as the device by which we get the money wherewith to buy the things we desire. The hours of work are suffered for the sake of the reward which is to be reaped hereafter. . . . Whether the use of leisure is constructive or worthless, the salient fact in our modern civilisation is that, for all but a small minority who find their expression in their vocation, workers as a whole look outside their labour for the expression of their lives."

Under our system, nearly all industry is conducted only for profit on the part of the employer, and only for wages on the part of the workers. Few things are made because the individuals engaged in the making want these things or want to make these things. There is, therefore, no personal enjoyment in their creation, nor is there the pleasure which accompanies the voluntary making of a thing which one believes will satisfy the need of a neighbour or a friend. The organising employer gets his workmen to make things which he, or his advertising agents, can persuade the public to buy, paying to his workmen the minimum amount of money that he can get them to work for; they, in their turn, work at making things of no interest to them, in order to purchase vital necessities that they have had no opportunity of producing for themselves. In other words, few people are really interested in any true sense—in the artist or creator sense—in the product of their industry. The foreman of works plays the part rightly played by the urge of spontaneous impulse and interest.

As Mr. Aldous Huxley has said: "Unfitted by his physique to do any one thing to perfection, primitive man was forced to develop the means of doing everything reasonably well." He was forced to be "whole"—a complete man. "A civilised man, on the contrary, is under no external necessity to be whole. A highly organised society protects him from the worst effects of his own incompetence; allows him to be ignorant of all the useful arts, and yet to live."

I believe it impossible to make the greater part of the work carried out in modern factories other than burdensome—"the work of semi-automatised machine slaves," to quote Henri de Man. All that we can do about such work is to share it up, to employ no one in it for more than a small fraction of the day, and to get rid of the disciplinary subordination of the workers to individuals concerned only with motives of private gain—as distinct from the control technically necessary for the guidance and co-ordination of labour. Education which is not directly technical should increasingly be concerned with the developing of the faculties which can be, but rarely are, exercised in the hours of leisure.

At this point I will quote another passage from Dr. Morgan.

> There stand out certain considerations regarding leisure which are of prime importance. First, it is the means of expressing one vital aspect of human capacity; and recreation must be free. Secondly, capacity for recreation needs education, like any other human faculty; and the process of training involves compulsion. Thirdly, although work narrows with increasing specialisation, the scope of leisure occupation is as wide as life itself. Training must give the widest options within a compulsory system, for leisure must include the opportunity for playing darts and editing Aristotle, serving as an Urban District Councillor or knitting a jumper, studying economics in an evening tutorial class or learning to preserve life as an ambulance man, or a fire fighter, or a nurse, catching the adventurous thrill of a lone explorer on untrodden mountains or in the realms of poetry. The degree of difficulty will be a condition of the degree of satisfaction in the achievement. No passive pleasure can match the rapture of a hard thing done skilfully and successfully. Such rapture stirs and strengthens the soul. Thus men and women are made. What are we doing to make men and women of our boys and girls?

Obviously, the things we ought to be doing, or to have done, go to the roots both of our economic system and of our national education. Compulsory education—intellectual and technical—should be continued to the age of seventeen or eighteen; but if this is to be of any real value we must rebuild our educational system on a fresh basic principle. Our education will be worth very little until we have got rid of the notion that the way to educate children is to give them a series of formal lessons in certain specified subjects. The work of the teacher is not to force into the brains of the children a heterogeneous collection of doubtful facts ready to be produced on demand. To quote Epictetus: "The sheep are not to produce the grass which they have eaten, but wool and milk." What one wants to do in education is to pour what Benson called "a stream of fertilising influences" over the minds and souls of children, to help the development of the imagination, to encourage the child's natural delight in creation, and to build up in its mind an association between healthy life and real happiness. Moreover, to be of any value, education must be interesting. Now, in the case, probably, of nine children out of every ten, it is quite impossible for their interest to be aroused by anything in the way of theoretical teaching for more than about, in the aggregate, an hour a day. A lot of lip homage has been paid to Froebel, but we have not begun to learn the meaning of his greatest rule, "Learn by doing." Only by doing can the normal average child learn to use, not only his body, but his mind.

We must keep ever before us that the aim of education is to enable every child to reach the highest point of physical and mental development of which he or she is capable. We may safely say that, in the case of well over half of all the children educated in our elementary schools, their school life is something quite apart from their ordinary life, bearing about as much relation to it as an ordinary business man's church-going bears to his. But, in the absence of an economic and social revolution as radical as (though differing from) those which have taken place in Russia and in Germany, I doubt if any reforms in our educational methods can do much to increase human happiness, dignity, efficiency and fullness of life.

HARRY ROBERTS

* *The Needs of Youth.* By A. E. Morgan. Oxford University Press, 10s.

ADVT.

WHAT do they know of England who only England know? This rhetorical question will rise in a good many people's minds as they read Mr. W. G. Knop's anthology of anti-English propaganda in the German press, *Beware of the English*.* The ordinary Englishman is probably unaware, for example, that, as *Das 12 Uhr Blath* reports, cannibals "are being called up as part of Britain's defences." The English themselves, we are told, "feel pretty uneasy about the mobilisation of cannibals," and "attempts are now being made to tranquillise the terrified London citizens with the assurance that in the first instance the cannibals will only be used for the construction of fortifications." This panic apparently occurred in April last, and nobody on this side of the Rhine seems to have noticed it. Fortunately for the truth, Nazi journalists have lynx eyes, and, when they see Englishmen panic-stricken they have the honesty to report it. And not only do they see what is happening in the present: they foresee what will happen in the future. The employment of these cannibals on the construction of fortifications in New Guinea, our German authority realises, is only a first step down the usual slippery slope of British barbarism. "What they will be used for later," he writes, "is, of course, another story—like so much else that happens in the British Empire. But life is like that. One side relies for its protection on its strength and on the justice of its cause, the other on cannibals!"

Undoubtedly the English are a funny people, going about the world with a Bible in one hand and a cannibal's fist in the other. Never, I suppose, since the books of the Bible were collected into volume form has there been such a hypocritical nation. And they are cowards, too. Read *Der Angriff's* impressive answer to the question, "What is happening in England?" "There are some symptoms," is the reply. "Here or there at night the sirens ring out, and the terrified suburb dashes panic-stricken to the anti-air-raid shelter. Elsewhere young men commit suicide from fear of war." Why, I wonder, do the English newspapers not employ competent reporters to keep us in touch with the salient facts of English life? It is not right that we should have to rely on the foreign press for news of these mass-panics, which are, after all, very interesting.

I particularly object to the hide-the-truth policy of the British press because I am convinced that, if Englishmen were made to realise what hypocrites, cowards and villains they are, they would set to work and reform themselves. I doubt whether the English even know that they are a nation of sheep-stealers. It was only a German newspaper, the *National Zeitung*, that had the boldness to point this out in an article which began: "The noble British nation stooping to a trumpery piece of sheep-stealing—that's a story worth telling." The story reveals that a millionaire, Mr. Leonard, wanted to export some Peruvian sheep to Australia, and, being forbidden by law to do this, set off with two thousand sheep across the Andes in search of a non-Peruvian port. Only one sheep in ten survived the march across the mountains and the remaining tenth died during the sea-voyage. "For once," as the *National Zeitung* says, "the dirty trick didn't come off. A loss of twenty thousand pounds didn't worry Mr. Leonard much. But the two thousand wantonly murdered sheep? That wasn't of much concern to a nation which can watch unmoved tens of thousands of humans die." If Englishmen only realised how their conduct strikes a humane Nazi, I cannot help thinking that, as a nation, they would recognise the advisability of abandoning the practice of stealing Peruvian sheep.

One of the most agreeable characteristics of Nazi journalists is their high standard of morality. They are preachers to a man, eagerly pointing out their neighbour's faults and so encouraging him to amend them. It is true that they are constantly denouncing the English for preaching, but they object to English preaching, not because it is preaching, but because it is smug and hypocritical. Thus we have the spectacle of self-righteous Englishmen preaching to Nazis about the persecution of the Jews. The bogus character of this English sermonising is shown up in the scathing reply of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*: "We would like to draw the attention of these gentlemen to conditions in the English textile industry, in which opium is specially distributed to female hands for the purpose of keeping their children quiet, so that they may work undisturbed for the profit of John Bull." After that, who will ever again dare to say that Jews are being persecuted in Germany?

The Archbishop of Canterbury in particular ought to be careful not to talk nonsense about Jews. *Der Stuermer* hits him a pretty rap over the knuckles for interrupting a service in Westminster Abbey to ask the congregation to pray for them. "What," justly asks *Der Stuermer*, "would Christ, who was murdered by the Jews on Golgotha, have had to say if He had attended the services in Westminster Abbey? He would have preached a sermon against the wolf in sheep's clothing and against false prophets." Christ, as the paper points out, openly declared that the Jews were murderers from the beginning. There is no actual evidence of His having called Peter or John a murderer, and there is even a tradition that He went about healing sick Jews and feeding hungry Jews, and that He spent all His active life trying to lead Jews into Paradise. This only proves, however, that even so fervent an anti-Semite as Christ had occasional lapses from principle.

If we may judge from the quotations in *Beware of the English*, on the other hand, there is not much to choose between the Jew and the Englishman. The Englishman is here exposed as a confirmed committer of atrocities. Reading the sickening account of these, indeed, one wonders how he found time to do anything else. Cartoons show him blowing people to bits from the mouths of cannons, kicking Boer women, and generally weltering in other people's gore. I am not surprised that the Nazis are shocked, and that they point out "the close link between Jewish and Puritan cruelty." "Let us be clear about this," says the *B.G. am Mittag*, "quite clear, that it is the blood-thirstiness of the Old Testament which underlies the moral indignation of the Puritans, the blood-thirstiness of an inhuman race of liars nearly related to the Jews." Why, the Puritanical English were inhuman enough to employ German troops against the Irish in 1798 and to compel them to perpetrate atrocities which made them quite unpopular.

While agreeing about the villainousness of the English, however, I should be interested to learn by what standard the Nazi journalists judge them. It can scarcely be by a German standard, for they are continually denouncing the English for carrying out "a terrible hunger blockade on defenceless women and children" during the war. By German standards this would surely be regarded as a good thing since it was German submarines that first began "a terrible hunger blockade on defenceless women and children." I am afraid, however, that history is not the Nazis' strong point. Or perhaps they are interested only in the history of other countries. And, unfortunately, they get even that wrong. For example, when they quote an appalling description of the starving Irish in the days of Elizabeth, they ascribe it, not to Edmund Spenser who wrote it but to "an English philosopher"—presumably nineteenth-century Herbert Spencer. Facts, however, do not much matter in propaganda nowadays. The point is that the English are —— ——. Fill in the blanks as you please from the dictionary of abuse.

One of the best dictionaries of the kind in Germany is, I fancy, in the office of the *Westdeutscher Beobachter*. The editor must have studied it carefully before he wrote his fine character-sketch of Mr. Duff Cooper: "He is an unfathomably mean, bloodthirsty warmonger, more Jewish than the Jews, more Satanic than Satan himself, the incarnate curse of the age." After this, the thumbnail cartoon of Mr. Winston

* Hamish Hamilton. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Churchill seems comparatively mild: "He bears the mark of Cain—the brand of the murderer of peace among nations."

Well, there is no need to go on (as the civil servant said) piling Hengist on Horsa. There you have the evidence against the Englishman, and, if you are honest men and believe it, you must find him guilty. One thing I hope, however, is that the German newspapers get paid for printing all this propaganda at advertisement rates. For it is all, when you come to think of it, simply part of the most sensational advertising campaign in political history. National Socialism is the new medicine, and Dr. Goebbels is its extremely clever advertising agent. He has certainly succeeded in making unrighteousness almost readable.

Y. Y.

COUNTERBLAST TO BERNALISM

[*In this article Dr. John Baker, the eminent Oxford biologist, attacks the doctrine expounded in Professor Bernal's "Social Function of Science." Next week we shall publish a reply by Professor Bernal himself.*]

"... *a higher degree of Reputation is due to* Discoverers, *than to the* Teachers *of* Speculative Doctrines ..." (Sprat, 1667.)

BERNALISM is the doctrine of those who profess that the only proper objects of scientific research are to feed people and protect them from the elements, that research workers should be organised in gangs and told what to discover, and that the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake has the same value as the solution of crossword puzzles. Professor Bernal will no doubt permit the immortalisation of his name by the introduction of this new word into the English language.

Opponents of Bernalism, well aware of the way in which great discoveries have been made in the past, are appalled at the thought that if once Bernalists get power the fount of discovery will be dried up. If science is left free, incalculable benefits for human welfare, material and mental, will accrue as they have accrued in the past; but it would be as undesirable to try to force organisation on scientists as on composers, artists or choreographers. It is true that music can be composed under duress. One knows that Mozart, whose antipathy to the harp was only equalled by his positive dislike for the flute, was persuaded to write a very tolerable concerto for these two instruments. Yet even de Guisnes would not have been able to get him to submit to the organisation which Bernalists seek to impose, far less to confine himself to the composition of music of the greatest economic value (*i.e.*, presumably, that which would give employment to the greatest number of musicians and musical instrument makers).

Let the reader try to imagine Charles Darwin told off by the Bernalist-in-charge to organise a gang of Ph.D. students. The mind reels before the thought. Among other famous workers in the biological sciences who showed by their lives a particularly obvious antipathy to the principles of Bernalism one may mention T. H. Huxley, Russel Wallace (co-founder with Darwin of the theory of evolution by natural selection), Mendel (founder of the Science of Heredity), Fabre (student of insect behaviour), Jenner (student of the cuckoo and discoverer of vaccination), Schwann (founder of the cell-theory), Linnaeus (inventor of the scientific method of naming plants and animals), van Leeuwenhoek (discoverer of blood-capillaries, spermatozoa, etc.), and Malpighi (discoverer of the air-cells in the lungs, etc., etc.). These are men whose names will be revered when even the derivation of the word Bernalism has become obscure.

Many famous workers in other sciences besides biology could never have been forced into the Bernalist rut. Supreme as an example of these was Cavendish, discoverer of the fact that water is formed by the combination of the two gases which were later named hydrogen and oxygen. Could Cavendish have worked in a gang under orders and confined himself to economic research? So far was he from being capable of collaboration, that he could not bear the proximity of others and had his library built four miles from his house, so that those whom he permitted to borrow books should not come near him when they did so. That he worked mainly for his own enlightenment is shown by his never bothering to publish his monumental researches in electricity, which were only brought to light after his death. Newton, it will be recollected, was almost equally unconcerned as to whether others got to know of certain of his most important discoveries. This was indeed regrettable, but it shows that geniuses have pursued knowledge for its own sake; and in doing so they have thrown off much that has been of tremendous significance for the practical affairs of mankind.

Science has two functions—to serve human welfare in material ways, and to increase man's capacity to comprehend the universe. To many who are contemplative there is nothing more worth-while in life than the increase of knowledge for its own sake. To pretend that this is "escapism" and comparable to interest in crossword puzzles is nonsense. No amount of solving puzzles increases anything worth increasing; but every discovery in science separates falsehood from truth and makes an accretion to that vast body of demonstrable knowledge whose possession is the most valid criterion of distinction between cultured and savage communities. There are those who are unrewarded by the contemplation of nature, just as there are those who find nothing in music or art. Nevertheless, knowledge and music and art are among the ultimate things in life for many people who regard just keeping alive and healthy as merely means to an end.

One of the keenest and most satisfying pleasures to many people is the possession of some understanding of the landscape which lies before them when they travel, whether in this country or abroad. This may be taken as an example of how science can serve as an end in itself. To walk in an unfamiliar part of England with Trueman's "Scenery of England and Wales" and Tansley's "Types of British Vegetation" in one's haversack is to experience something which is denied to those whose appreciation of landscape lacks understanding and is entirely æsthetic. When the walker opens his haversack to eat, he has the Bernalists' approval, because eating is useful. When he opens it to fill his mind and not his stomach, does he necessarily sink to the level of the solver of the crossword puzzle? Is he really to fall down and worship the grocer who sold him his lunch, and pretend to ignore his debt to Professors Trueman and Tansley? Whether subsequently he does or does not make "use" of the added knowledge which his study of scenery has given him, the study is worth while as an end in itself. In the American Ambassador's memorable words, spoken at Manchester a few days ago, "that desire to find out, which is unencumbered by any desire for a practical cash return, has given us many of civilisation's great blessings."

Perversely enough, the keenest Bernalists are often those whose own research has been the most meagre in supplying the material wants of man. Let them devote themselves for a few years to the scientific investigation of some really practical matter, such as making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, or one baby grow where two grew before. They might then be more useful members of society and waste less of their time in yapping at those who are of a more contemplative nature than themselves. What a scientist ought to do is an ethical concern for the judgment of his own conscience. Those to whom one listens with respect when they speak of verifiable matters (*e.g.*, in crystallography) compel attention much less inevitably when they try to lay down the law on moral issues.

There is room for all in science. Let the gangsters work always in gangs and order one another about and improve whatever it may be that they tell one another to improve. Everyone will be thankful for their services. Let there be freedom, nevertheless, for those who lack the gang instinct but possess that insatiable curiosity, sneered at by Bernalists as puerile, which is the source of all real advance in science, whether pure or applied. If these can be left free and unhampered, science and its applications will flourish. Let

Bernalists remember the words with which Faraday answered one of their number who inquired the use of his experiments: "Madam, will you tell me the use of a new-born child?" Let them ponder also the magnificent lines which Prebendary Sprat wrote of their forerunners in 1667: ". . . they [the Bernalists] are to know, that in so large, and so various an *Art* as this of *Experiments*, there are many degrees of usefulness: some may serve for real, and plain *benefit*, without much *delight*: some for *teaching* without apparent *profit*: some for *light* now, and for *use* hereafter; some only for *ornament*, and *curiosity*. If they will persist in contemning all *Experiments*, except those which bring them immediate *gain*, and a present *harvest*: they may as well cavil at the Providence of God, that he has not made all the seasons of the year to be times of *mowing*, *reaping*, and *vintage*."

JOHN R. BAKER

NON-AGGRESSION

The German-Latvian non-aggression pact . . . was ratified yesterday and has entered into force.—25th July. *The Times*.

THOSE who infer from chance mishaps
Which dog peace politics
That Europe's peace-front must collapse
Because it sometimes sticks,
Who point at Russians probing gaps
And Britons dropping bricks,
Should not this hopeful sign ignore—
The Latvian menace is no more.

No longer branded as a State
Aggressive in design
Her peace-pact may before too late
Bring others into line—
Say, Luxemburg at any rate
Or even Liechtenstein—
The goodwill of these countries proved,
Fear of encirclement's removed.

The Reich on her defenceless flank
No Latvian thrust will dread,
Or Latvian armies rank on rank
With violating tread,
The transit of the Latvian tank,
The bomber overhead. . . .
We must not minimise the fact
Of Latvia's non-aggression pact.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

FIRST AID FOR THE ARTIST

THERE are more painters in this country than there are persons who buy paintings. An important economic problem results which is the subject of a lively and well-documented book by Mr. Francis Watson.* He shows how difficult it is for artists to make a bare living, and calls for immediate remedies. It is, as he says, little use to tell a starving painter that political changes "will provide artists with shining tenements, free travel and a brand new theory of aesthetics." What the painter wants is food, lodging, canvas and paints, not in Utopia but in Fitzroy Street in 1939. (And the painter's materials are far more costly than most of us realise.) "Art lies bleeding. It is first-aid that is required. The problem is one of what to do before the doctor comes."

Behind the actual emergency there is a chronic malady. It is impossible to visit any large exhibition, whether of the Royal Academy or of the London Group, without feeling that most of the artists would be more usefully employed in some other occupation. There are ten thousand artists in this country, we are told—that is several thousands too many. Men and women who could be good bank clerks or dentists prefer to be bad painters or sculptors. (One cannot blame them; or rather, one blames them only because they make life so much more difficult for those who have real talent.) Thousands of human beings are born here every year with a bent for handicraft. In the past they would have made chairs, tea-pots, embroideries, fire-backs, and a thousand other such objects, but machinery has taken over their natural work, and they fall back on the Fine Arts, for which they have utterly inadequate gifts. Manufacturers, it is true, employ a number of designers—usually very, very bad ones. (Our carpets, glass and china, for instance, are national disgraces.) But even if St. Helens and Kidderminster and the Five Towns by a sudden miracle rose to the level of Stockholm, there would not be work enough to go round. Until two or three years ago, it was not the demand for works of art that had diminished, but the supply of "artists" that had increased.

There is no infallible way of picking the sheep among them from the goats. The blindness in the nineteenth century of most critics and all Governments to the work of the best contemporary artists has indeed been a warning, and those critics who have spent most time looking at the art of the past are to-day, I think, the least likely to condemn a work merely because it looks unfamiliar. But the increasing throng of grossly incompetent painters are encouraged by the disinclination of the critics to condemn even the feeblest of works that have any pretension to originality.

This super-production of artists has for a long while been an economic problem. But at the moment there is an emergency due to a violent diminution in the demand for works of art. The cultivated patron who liked to spend anything between £20 and £500 per annum on pictures has been obliged to reduce or cancel this expenditure. The few who are being enriched by the manufacture of armaments, etc., do not seem to be the sort of persons that care about painting. As a result, not only is the young artist, who has still his reputation to make, unable to buy canvases and paint, but our best and best-known painters, men and women who a few years ago were earning a modest competence, now find themselves unable to make a bare living. Apart from commercial artists—among whom I include, of course, the specialists in portraiture and sex-appeal—there are probably not five artists in England now earning £400 a year by painting. And the particular irony of this situation is that there are more English painters with talent alive at the moment than there have ever been before. What, then, can be done?

Evidently the State should do something—and does practically nothing. "The State," according to Mr. Watson, "meets an annual bill of not less than £350,000 for letting us look at art, and not more than £600 for buying what our artists produce." Provincial cities maintain museums, often with intelligent and underpaid curators, but the funds available for purchases are negligible. At Leeds, for instance, there is a picture gallery and "the administrative cost of this gallery rose at length to £6,000 a year, but from 1916 to 1936 not a penny was spent on pictures out of the rates." The Royal Academy? Repeated efforts to interest this body in art have ignominiously failed. If a serious painter, like Sickert or John or Stanley Spencer, allows himself to become an Associate, he quickly learns his mistake. The Burlington House gang may not have heard of Tiepolo, but they have heard of the Trojan War—no Wooden Horse tricks will work on them. They can be trusted absolutely to defend their own interests.

Much public money is spent upon training artists, and upon showing art to the public. Is it not reasonable to spend a little upon keeping the artist alive? In the United States the F.A.P. (Federal Art Project) was, Mr. Watson tells us, giving employment in 1938 to as many as 5,300 artists at remuneration rising from £4 10s. a week. Too many of these, I understand, have been encouraged or obliged to concentrate upon large-scale wall-decoration, an important branch of art,

* *Art Lies Bleeding*. By Francis Watson. *Chatto and Windus*. 7s. 6d.

but not one for which a majority of painters are naturally adapted. In any case it is little use here pressing for so large a scheme. I suggest not that all painters should be State-supported, but only that the State, having trained so many artists, should afford them some recognition and encouragement. The best way of doing this, I suggest, is to stimulate the demand for their work. At present pictures by living British artists are seen rarely outside London. I should like to see an exhibition of contemporary work in every provincial museum—the pictures to be purchased by the State, to be lent in turn to the various cities, and to be on sale to any purchaser. The chief purpose of such a scheme would be to create a whole new public for pictures. There are still thousands of people who could afford to buy an occasional picture, but have never thought of doing so. Living in the provinces, they do not see pictures, and they imagine that picture-buying, like racehorse-owning, is a pastime only for the very rich. We are cajoled and bullied into buying motor cars, refrigerators, radio sets, vacuum cleaners, and even books—nobody yet has seriously attempted to persuade us to buy pictures. I wish I could enlist the interest of some members of the Opposition in such a scheme. It will be agreed, I think, that artists, though not Trade Unionists, are not less valuable than other members of the community. And at the moment the studios are a Distressed Area.

My second suggestion would not cost anyone a penny—it is that all the money available for the purchase of pictures should be spent on pictures by living men. Modern painters and their admirers are often ignorantly accused of despising the art of the past. Nothing could be more untrue—indeed one of the chief aims and achievements of the "modern movement" has been to discard the extravagantly untraditional practices of the Salon and Burlington House in favour of the fundamental principles followed by the Old Masters. I know of no serious modern painter who does not proclaim a great admiration of, and indebtedness to, his great predecessors. To enrich our national collections with further masterpieces of the past is highly desirable. But is it not incomparably more desirable to keep living painters alive? Otherwise, the twentieth century will produce no Old Masters for the twenty-second century to admire.

I would therefore urge the National Arts Collection Fund to spend a large proportion of their income on the purchase of modern paintings and sculpture. (Between 1928 and 1937, Mr. Watson tells us, the Fund spent over £150,000 on works of art, of which less than 1.5 per cent. went to living British artists.) But probably this plea is useless—in which case I would beg supporters of this Fund to subscribe instead to the Contemporary Art Society, which uses its exiguous resources extremely well. If £10,000 per annum were diverted from Old Masters to modern pictures, some thirty of our best painters could be kept alive.

One last word—an appeal to the director and trustees of the Tate Gallery. Will you not give up one room for a continually changing loan exhibition of living British painters and sculptors? Not artists already over-represented in the Gallery, like Augustus John and Stanley Spencer, but artists that require encouragement? You have no money to spend on them—will you not give them space?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

ANONYMOUS HELPERS

[We are all familiar with the problem of relieving the distress of refugees who have escaped from Fascist countries. This episode gives a picture of the kind of problem that confronts the illegal organisations that give relief to the victims of Fascism who have not escaped.]

". . . But do stay a bit. Won't you sit down for a moment or two?"

The old woman almost presses me down on to the chair. There is such an appealing expression on her face that I have to sit down in the end. Yet the thought keeps intruding that she can't have the slightest idea that it is dangerous for me to stay here so long. They may be watching her flat.

All I say is: "I really haven't very much time, Frau Schulz." She disregards my objection, goes over to the cupboard and comes back with two pictures which she puts down on the table in front of me. There is a suggestion of reverence in her actions.

"They wanted to take the picture as well," she tells. "'You've cleared Rudi's room right out,' I told the Gestapo-Kommissar, 'but I'm not going to let you take his picture away!'"

I look at her without saying anything. She is over sixty. Her back is slightly bent and her hair whitened at the temples. Innumerable folds are visible on her face. The veins stand out on her hands. She has had a hard life. Her eyes, from behind her nickel spectacles, seem unable to drag themselves away from the pictures. She nods to herself. "That's all I've got left of them now!" she says.

One of the pictures shows a man wearing the grey wartime uniform. He has a beard. This is Rudi's father, who fell in Russia. Rudi has the same high forehead and the thick shock of hair. But he looks more self-conscious. His intelligent eyes seem to peer into mine.

"Haven't you heard anything about Rudi yet?" I ask.

The old woman shakes her head slightly, still looking at the pictures. "I've been everywhere. They all tell me the same, that they don't know where he is. But it is they who took him away from the factory. They must know where they took him. I got his breakfast ready that morning, like I always do. . . ."

We had been just as unsuccessful as his mother in our search for Rudi since his arrest. Could anybody who is still living be so difficult to trace? I want desperately to say something to reassure her, but this sickening suspicion makes it difficult to speak.

The old woman looks at me. "They kept on asking me so many questions! Did I know the others? 'The whole bunch of criminals has been at your flat once!' they said."

She gesticulates excitedly with her hands. "'I don't know anyone, Herr Kommissar,' I said. 'My Rudi never had anything to do with any criminals. Or are you trying to say that he is a criminal too, Herr Kommissar?' I said. 'He's always been a good lad. I ought to know that! I'm his mother. And now you want me to let him down! Perhaps you've got children of your own, Herr Kommissar!' I said."

She pauses and gulps for breath.

"'Consider what you're saying, Frau Schulz!' he shouted at me." She sits back, suddenly looking very old. I remember again that I ought not to have stopped so long.

Then she says again, in a very low voice, as though the words are coming from a long way off: "Rudi always used to give me all his money. So, by stinting and scraping, I managed to put the children to a trade and now—" she shrugs her shoulders—"they've taken away my daughter's job at the office too. The lawyer was forced to dismiss her—and he had always been so satisfied with her!"

She comes to the door with me and asks quite suddenly: "Was the parcel of food from you too? A young man left it here. He ran down the stairs directly he had handed it to me. I didn't have time to say a word."

"Yes, that came from us too, like to-day's money. We manage to collect it, Frau Schulz."

My hand is on the door knob when it occurs to me that I ought to warn her. After all, she is an old woman. Probably she does not fully realise the situation.

"You mustn't tell anyone about this help, you know, Frau Schulz!"

She nods her head emphatically. "No, no, of course not! I won't say a thing. My daughter has told me that already."

As I go, she stands in the doorway and nods and smiles after me.

JAN PETERSEN

THE VERY REV. DEAN INGE

ANGLICAN darkness takes a tinge
Profounder still from Doctor Inge.
O death of faith, where is thy sting?
It's in the writings of Dean Inge.
Run to those works, dear child, and read
Learn from Christ's priest to doubt His Creed
And modernistic—mysticism
Shall put you off your Catechism
But teach you how to make a fuss,
Through Beaverbrook, of Plotinus

C. G. L. DU CANN

THE MOVIES

"Le Drame de Shanghai," at the Academy. Director, Pabst.

"The Hardys Ride High," at the Empire.

"Point of View, No. 1," "The King Vulture," "Q Planes," at the Odeon.

"A Girl must Live," at the Tivoli.

AT half-past ten or eleven in the morning the services are held, the congregation file silently into their places, speech is out of order, though in some temples they are handed a glass of warm champagne and a dry cigar. After the ceremony the unwilling worshippers drift away, and the film critics have witnessed another trade show.

Le Drame de Shanghai I saw as an ordinary performance, without the religious atmosphere. It is an excellent melodrama, and easily the best film to see this week. It deals with those living dead, the white Russians. They are the oldest refugees; they have had twenty years of it, and being white, they are not adaptable. While being sorry for them I confess to disliking white Russians; their opinions are downright, their charm elusive, and they have been too well treated on the screen. Pabst has not made this mistake, his heroine, who sings in a Shanghai night club, could not very well sing anywhere else, her daughter is a tiresome prig, and her colleague, Ivan, is exactly like the ex-cavalry officers who bully one in dim-lit, carpet-hung cossacky corners. Behind the scenes in the night-club rages the war between Young China and the reactionary pro-Japanese Black Serpent, a war which causes one death by hypodermic needle, two by stabbing, two by revolver, two by submachine gun, torture and so on. What makes the film good is the political interest, the crowd scenes, the speech which draws applause from the audience, the coolies' faces, all selected by an excellent director, and the quality of the villains. In this film two worlds meet, the cinema of the future, with its mass photography and social significance, and the artistic film of the past, with its subtle moments of *Blue Angel* eroticism. Louis Jouvet, Inkijinoff, Dorville are killers who make the broad-vowelled American gangsters or the well-clipped English secret service look like schoolboys. Jouvet is cynical, desiccated, central European. Inkijinoff, whom it is a pleasure to see for the first time, is oriental and Freudian. His face is almost beautiful, the scene when he rubs a crystal over it as he listens to the screams of the tortured, is worthy of Peter Lorre in *M* or Pierre Bacheff in *Le Chien Andalou*. And Dorville, with his knife, is an ecstatic mystic, the slayer and the slain. Such a melodrama, for it is no more, makes one think about the relative values of England, France, America. The best films are those which are mature and adult. England seems capable of making these only in documentaries, America makes many more, but the sense of maturity is confined to the relations between men and men, or men and nature. Only in France does the heart come into its own in the screen, in such a dialogue (though still melodrama) as that between Ivan and the Russian singer. One fault I find: spy stories should not end in war, which ruins their proportions. One is tired of seeing the Atlantic fleet churning up the waves in pursuit of a criminal, and the printing of English sub-titles across the photographs is maddening. Can no method be devised of projecting them at the bottom?

The Hardys Ride High is a homely piece of work, appallingly sentimental, but interesting. Interesting because it treats seriously, though without depth, an ethical problem, and because it is very American. The problem is whether riches make for happiness, and we see Mickey Rooney, to whom I give credit for being most of the time intentionally tiresome, Pa, and Mother inheriting two million dollars and a marble palace in Detroit. What happens is what you would expect to happen, but there is satisfaction in seeing the problem solved without recourse to arms. The scene where Mickey Rooney is almost seduced by an enormous chorus girl is, because supposed to be comic, genuinely repulsive, and there are some loose ends which indicate cutting. A mild entertainment for those who like lovable folk and horse sense, and yet with something more, for Rooney is one of the few actors at his age, and behind the outrageously typical small town family is someone with a shrewd knowledge of psychology.

Point of View is a new kind of documentary, made by *Spectator* Films, with Ivan Scott. The first one discusses the question of our food supply, and gives pictorially the arguments for and against increased home production. We see our idle acres, our markets stacked with foreign produce; we witness the effects of blockade; and we hear a farmer talk. We do not hear all the points of view, and no solution is given of the problem, but it illustrates a new way to liven up the English film and is economical to make. The bombing of Barcelona reappears in it, and some German shots of torpedoed merchantmen. At the Odeon *Point of View* is aptly followed by a film of two American climbers trying to take the eggs of the almost extinct King Vulture. After getting his face scratched the collector secures the bird itself, and leaves the eggs behind, and a mellow American voice purrs congratulation. *Q Planes*, an infantile thriller, is to be avoided.

A Girl Must Live is an English film which I stuck out for twenty-five minutes, in time to get a glimpse of George Robey, who plays a minor role, and looks like Samson at the Mill, among a bevy of English musical Cuties—and there is a Comic Boarding-House with Types. A slow-fire draw.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Colony" at the Unity

Colony is a social study rather than a straight play, and with a little alteration its message might have been the subordination of individual character to environment and economics. The scene is an imaginary West Indian island during a general strike, and the theme the conflict between the passionate Negro strike-leader and the English Governor, a reserved, well-meaning, liberal-minded civil servant hopelessly torn between his duty and his sense of justice. These two are finely characterised, and even the conventional figures of left-wing comedy—the Christian school-marm, the Governor's haughty lady, and a robust and amusing parody of that popular butt, the National Labour M.P.—are drawn with restraint and realism. The plot itself shares this welcome moderation, and the necessary happy ending is achieved by a device surprising, apt and convincing. Unity's tradition of *Times*-like anonymity hampers criticism of the acting, but the Governor and the National Labour M.P. were outstanding in an able and imaginative cast. *Colony* has the wit that makes good entertainment and the understatement of convincing propaganda, and should certainly be visited by anyone who deplores the silliness but admires the competence of the ordinary West End success. If this sort of standard is maintained Unity has no need to fear the consequences of its forthcoming move to a larger theatre.

"The Devil to Pay" at His Majesty's

Writers, like heroes, should not be too courageous, for beyond a certain limit contempt of danger becomes unawareness of it, and what, in lesser degree, would have been meritorious boldness now appears as simple imperception. *The Devil to Pay* is a version of *Dr. Faustus*, and Miss Sayers has apparently done her best to challenge comparison with Marlowe. Her setting is sixteenth

century, her production is in the style of the Miracle Play, and her Mephistopheles mingles the lecherous, the treacherous and the ridiculous in the true tradition of mediaeval drama. Even Helen makes a personal appearance, and the excitable doctor praises her beauty in images not wholly free from ships and topless towers. Only in her ending does Miss Sayers step from the shadow of her great inspiration, and her liberal Faustus goes to Hell of his own free choice after a heavenly trial more than faintly reminiscent of a Shavian *Outward Bound*. Had Faustus burnt his books he might not have been damned; had Miss Sayers done the same with her sources we would have had a much more satisfying play. Unfortunately, she has chosen to compete with her betters on their own ground, and must be judged by the standards she so rashly emulates. Even the boldest should fear to rush in where angels have trod already.

Ram Gopal, and his Company of Hindu Dancers, at the Aldwych Theatre.

To visit Mr. Gopal's production, just as the Russian Ballet is closing, is like finding a yellow diamond at the bottom of a jug of tinned apricots. His season at the Aldwych, which began on Tuesday, will be a short one, and judging from the reception it received, prompt application for seats will be advisable. It is several years since one felt justified in recommending a dance performance with such urgency—the evening was one of quite impeccable elegance, brilliance and beauty. Hindu dancing depends so much, of course, on technical and historical subtleties—the arching eyebrows and shoulders, the pecking head, the incredible fingers—that one would have expected an untutored audience to have been dismayed by two hours or so of such a rigorous and uncompromising art. Not at all. Mr. Gopal, with his unearthly physical control, his lithe, remote, yet ominous grace, held the audience transfixed. Rarely, too, has one seen such exquisite dresses: scarlet, lilac and emerald muslins dragging with weight of thick golden hems. Mr. Gopal himself dresses mostly in helmets, chains, and flashing loin-cloths which, though heavily embossed, he makes seem weightless. The son of a Sanscrit scholar, he works in the purest tradition of Southern Indian dancing. He has brought a company, and among them we have two women dancers of astonishing delicacy. Maya Rani, who performs the superb Peacock Dance, and Retna Mohini, a Javanese. The orchestra of native instruments, under Keshan Dhorda, has none of the customary monotony.

Mr. Uday Shankar introduced us to Indian dancing, but it must be admitted, ungrateful though it may seem, that he has been surpassed. Mr. Gopal's art is so inspired and so finished that it is as if one were observing the dances of Siva and Krishna themselves, though the Cobra dance is perhaps his apogee. The only danger that one can see, lies (oddly enough) in his good taste. The new Eagle Dress, with its glittering gold pinions, has something more of the Faubourg St. Honoré than of India, and, significantly, it is a choreographically weak dance. Also, surely muslin, and not satin, would be better for the November Ritual?

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 29th—
London Group for Individual Psychology Summer School, St. Peters Hall, Oxford. Till Aug. 4.

MONDAY, July 31st—
"Twelfth Night," Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.
"The Rose and the Cross," Barn Theatre, Shere.
"They Walk Alone," Coliseum.

TUESDAY, August 1st—
Summer School of the International Peace Committee, Lac de Morat, Neuchatel. Particulars from R. H. Ward, 10 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.
Ivor Montagu: "The Fifth Column *versus* the People of Britain," 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3., 8.

THURSDAY, August 3rd—
Liberal Summer School, Cambridge. Till Aug. 9th. Particulars from 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1.
Music Festival, Lucerne. Till Aug. 29th.

FRIDAY, August 4th—
British Drama League Summer School, University College, Bangor. Till Aug. 18th. Particulars from 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

SATURDAY, August 5th—
Fabian Society Summer School, Dartington Hall, Totnes. Till Sept. 2nd. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

Correspondence

ORGANISATION OF REFUGEE WORK

SIR,—That the well-informed article of Mr. Garratt about the refugee work in England is not quite accurate with regard to the Jewish activities for the refugees from Germany, indicates how hard it is for anybody to keep abreast of all the aspects of a baffling problem. He suggests that the activity of the Council for German Jewry is to get individuals, and especially children, out of Germany and Central Europe; and he speaks with appreciation of its case-working Committee, the German Jewish Aid. The principal aim of the Council, which was formed in 1936, and succeeded an earlier central Jewish organisation, has been to assist the representative Jewish bodies in Germany and Austria to carry out an ordered emigration direct to overseas countries. It is through their aid and that of a parallel American Jewish body that overseas settlement of over 150,000 Jews has taken place during the last years. The work in England has, of course, been enormously increased during the last year, and it consists partly of getting children and adults out of Germany to a temporary asylum in this country. But it is on such a scale that it can be regarded as wholesale and not retail action. It is not, I think, fair to the Council or to the Jews of England to suggest that the work is done "in the same apologetic spirit which characterises the work of the denominational organisations"; and that the effort is limited by any fear of the development of anti-semitism in this country. Lord Reading, who is the Chairman of the Council, dealing with that fear which was mentioned in a recent debate in the House of Lords on the refugees, spoke for the Community when he said that the Jewish organisations were prepared to take that risk in order to save lives. They are straining every effort to save the largest possible number, (1) by direct emigration, (2) by providing guarantees for children and young persons who are brought here for education and for training, and (3) by giving guarantees for thousands of trans-migrants who are received here either into private homes or into the Richborough transit camp pending their re-emigration overseas. It is clear that it is impossible for the Jewish Community to carry the treble burden indefinitely of maintenance, emigration and settlement; and it is welcome news that the British Government has recognised the need of the participation of Governments in the work of permanent settlement.

Lastly, it is not clear why Mr. Garratt suggests that, in regard to the work of the Czech Committee, "in future it will consist mainly of helping the Gestapo pick out the wealthier Jews, take their money, and then expel them at the British taxpayer's expense." Of a quarter of a million Jews in Czechoslovakia who are now threatened with the same fate as those in Germany, the vast majority are not, and were not, wealthy. And it is the poor workers, it is hoped, who will receive preference in the help from the British Fund that is available for the Czech refugees, and as your note of last week urges, should include a part anyhow of the £6,000,000 loan that was allocated for settlement in Czechoslovakia.

Hollycot, NORMAN BENTWICH
Vale of Health, N.W.3.

SIR,—As Chairman of the Board of Management of the Christian Council for Refugees, I feel bound to comment upon certain statements in Mr. Garratt's interesting article on refugee work which appears in this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. He says that in the Christian Council "the various denominations combine a little uneasily." I am sorry that he should have said this, as it has no foundation, the actual fact being that, from the very beginning, the various denominations, from Roman Catholics to Quakers, have worked together in such complete harmony that an outside observer would never guess that they did not hold precisely the same religious opinions. One proof of this is that the Catholic Committee has asked the Germany Emergency Committee, which is (not "virtually," as Mr. Garratt says, but entirely) a Quaker organisation, to undertake all their case-work. Since the inception of the Christian Council, its proceedings have been marked by complete unanimity and agreement.

Mr. Garratt states that the Christian Council is the "channel through which the Baldwin Fund has contributed to the Children's Movement and the Domestic Bureau." This is inaccurate, as out of £255,000 which the Baldwin Fund allocated for the work of the Children's Movement, over £225,000 has gone direct to the Council for German Jewry, in order partially to meet their liabilities in connection with the work of the Movement. The

Christian Council is now the main source of finance for the Germany Emergency Committee and for the work of the Catholic Committees. It finds its proportionate share of the expenses of the Co-ordinating Committee, the Nursing and Midwifery Committee, the Emigration Planning Sub-Committee and the Domestic Bureau, and has also made contributions to the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning, the International Student Service, the International Solidarity Fund, the Art and Letters Refugee Committee, and ten or a dozen other less known organisations.

As far as the Baldwin Fund is concerned, writing as Chairman of the Executive Committee of that Fund, I would ask our critics to await the Report and Accounts which will be published at the end of the month, or in the very first days of August. Even though Mr. Garratt, in his rather sneering words, expresses the belief that it has been "sponsored and administered by typical representatives of wealthy Conservatives," I think it will be found that it has been well managed and has done useful work. Incidentally, quite half the Committee will be very much amused, and perhaps a little annoyed, when they read this description of them.

With Mr. Garratt's final paragraph I am in general agreement, except that I am convinced that the function of the proposed refugee "Secretariat" should not include propaganda. Propaganda for refugees is a very tricky business, and if not placed in the hands of experts, it might very well have the very opposite consequences to those desired. GODFREY NICHOLSON

ULSTER AND THE I.R.A.

SIR,—It is not to be denied that Margaret Barrington, in describing Northern Ireland finance and governmental methods, employed the technique of an impressionist painter rather than that of a dry-as-dust statistician. She thus exposed herself to the charge—which was promptly made—of "submitting to readers such a tissue of falsehoods as she has done." Nevertheless, in the general purport of her letter she was on unquestionably solid ground. There has been in Northern Ireland, and there still is, oppression of and hostile discrimination against the Nationalist-Catholic minority on religious and political grounds. And this system has been rendered possible and supported by British Treasury generosity in a manner and to an extent wholly inconsistent with the financial relationship contemplated by the British statutes for this small, privileged and anomalous *enclave* inside the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

The evidence proving religious and political oppression is much too well established to need any proof here. The Report [1936] of the National Council for Civil Liberties is too well known.

Nor can the financial favouritism which supports this bad system be denied. The letter of Mr. E. P. Northwood, "Press Officer to Northern Ireland Government," which you published last week is something less than candid in this respect. May I add that even your own dispassionate paragraph in your weekly "Comments" with its quotation from the *Political Quarterly* does not give the whole picture? The figures given to the House of Commons in successive statements by Chancellors of the Exchequer are surely authoritative. They cannot be questioned or checked—save, indeed, by reference to the Finance Accounts published by the Government of Northern Ireland which show even larger subventions from the British Exchequer than the British Chancellors of the Exchequer themselves admit that they have made. Now what do the Treasury figures show?

Northern Ireland has contributed about £7 millions—the figure which you adopt—to the British Exchequer in some nineteen years of its existence—instead of the originally contemplated *annual* contribution of more than £7 millions. But when you bring into account the special revenue donated to Northern Ireland by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, to provide it with funds to balance its accounts and show a surplus, it is seen that Britain has paid some £5 millions more than it has received. Again, the Treasury figures show that for the last nine years Northern Ireland has received much more than it has contributed *even without the foregoing corrective factor*. And the Northern Ireland Finance Accounts heighten the colour of this picture by some hundreds of thousands of pounds. Thus Northern Ireland has been contributing nothing to War Pensions, the National Debt, the Civil List, the upkeep of the Army, Navy and Air Force, and other common services of the United Kingdom of which it is an integral part.

Is this or is it not "subsidising Partition"? Your Comment quotes Mr. Wilson as writing: "It could be more fairly described as the necessary assistance to a special" [*i.e.*: distressed] "area." Does not the question necessarily arise: "Why should a special or distressed area be maintained in funds with the effect of enabling it to continue to inflict religious and political oppression upon a full one-third of its population? And why should so uneconomic a unit as a special or distressed area be kept in existence at all as a self-governing unit with most expensive institutions?"

HENRY HARRISON

SIR,—With the purely economic aspect of the Press Officer of Northern Ireland's reply to Margaret Barrington on Partition I am not concerned, but where he attempts to prove that, because the Catholic population of Belfast has increased, therefore Catholics in the Six Counties are not oppressed, I really must remind him that, as he is doubtless aware, during the 1935 pogroms 500 Catholic families were forced to flee from their homes, and to find refuge in a football ground called McRory Park, and, later, among other Catholic families.

Also, that at the 12th July celebration of 1935 Lord Craigavon said, "Ours is a Protestant Government for a Protestant people"—a remark which was nicely capped by Sir Basil Brooke, Minister for Agriculture for Northern Ireland, at the same sort of celebration in 1937. Sir Basil said: "Some in my audience employ Catholics, but I would not have one of them in the place." Such remarks as these, translated into terms of the Shankill and Falls roads in Belfast, mean broken bottles and broken heads, if not worse.

A point which both the Press Officer and Margaret Barrington left alone would be that, whether there are no Catholic judges in the Six Counties as Miss Barrington says, or just *one* Catholic judge as the Press Officer says (a damning indictment, considering the Catholic majorities of Fermanagh and Tyrone), in any case a Catholic judge is as likely as not to be a Tory Unionist, a real flag-wagger for Empire, as a Republican. A great deal more likely, considering the class structure!

Might I add that, like Miss Barrington, I am a Southern Irishman of Protestant upbringing, and entirely concur with her on the lack of any oppression of Protestants in the South?

43 Finborough Road, C. EWART MILNER
S.W.10. (Secretary, Frank Ryan Release Committee)

POLITICS AND PACIFISM

SIR,—The critic of Critic who thinks him no longer fair to pacifists must be rather an adept, in this horseless age, at looking a gift-horse in the mouth. Or does he prefer to be chastised with scorpions? The only unfairness I think pacifists might complain about nowadays is the studied disregard of all that concerns pacifism which is practised, as by command, by the newspapers. Critic's sound horse-sense has always kept him out of those blinkers, and as pacifists we owe him thanks rather than reproach; for the pacifism that cannot bear criticism is not worth considering.

But though Critic is kind enough to regard me as the type of pacifist whose doctrine is at least comprehensible, I should like to say a word on behalf of the "absolute pacifist's point of view" which, if I take (as I do), Critic tells me: "in a world based on force there are jobs that you can do—you can relieve suffering in all sorts of ways—but you cannot usefully take a responsible part in politics, because at some point or other you will find that any policy you advocate involves a risk of war."

I don't want to quarrel with the underlying truth of that statement if, as I think, it boils down to the plain advice that pacifists are disqualified from taking part in forceful disputes; but I should like to contest the usual implication that pacifists are perforce idealists, visionaries, and Utopian planners. That many of them actually are, I haven't a doubt; but that, I hold, is because they do not know their stuff and how it works—not because they are pacifists.

What is "a responsible part in politics?" Critic is obviously referring to the maintenance of government, particularly in its relation to foreign policy, and I agree that pacifists are not the animals you naturally look to for deliverence if you are contemplating the contemporary dog-fight and wanting a quick cure for it. But a responsible part in politics surely means more than the ability to keep the existing machine running smoothly. The machine may express itself very forcefully, as of course it does in war, but "in a world based on force" . . .? With respect I submit that no world can be based on force, any more than a steam hammer can be based on hammers. Surely it's the steam that drives the hammer. And that is where the pacifist enters, by

your leave, into "a responsible part in politics." He knows, or thinks he knows, something about the power which may be used as force to crush a watch to powder, or may be used under control for a million creative purposes. And I suggest that not the least responsible part in politics at the present time may be performed by the pacifist who knows the difference between an incinerator and a blast-furnace. Politics governed by an unqualified belief in force is now showing us all the way to the contemporary, if not the everlasting, bonfire. The pacifist will play a responsible part in politics if he can show how, out of the heat generated by the present conflict, matter may be moulded into useful and serviceable forms.

But to be more practical. I have been pleading elsewhere for a federated Europe—not "a federation of Socialist States." Such a plea of course makes the rigid person on the Left recognise you as an incipient Fascist, and the blockhead on the Right know you for a Communist. However, by their leave, I prefer to remain a Pacifist. I say a federated Europe because I still believe in geography and tradition, and think continents have more than a purely geographical meaning. The war of 1914 was properly a European war. Its settlement will be a European peace, in contrast to what happened at Versailles. I do not share the ambition of the Federal Unionists because I cannot envisage the peace of the world in terms of Capitalist and Imperialist Democracy *versus* Fascism, or for that matter in the terms of any ideology whatsoever. The ideologists are in my view the cloaks of self-righteousness with which friends and foes disguise themselves from themselves. Federal Union sails blissfully into the Geneva ideal when it sees national deputies assembled with power (from whom ?) to override national sovereignties in a world of capitalist finance. As a pacifist I want something a little more realistic. I want first the recognition by the people of this country of the fact that all the people of Europe share those ambitions which in their fulfilment will necessitate the coming of Socialism. That coming will be gradual and will involve changes that have already begun ; but they will be part of a process that could not be brought about *merely* by revolutionary action either here or in Germany.

I am sorry to have got on to highly contentious ground, for my purpose was to bring to attention the "responsible part in politics" which I think we pacifists have most lamentably failed to play since Mr. Chamberlain bought his umbrella. Critic suggests that pacifists "can relieve suffering in all sorts of ways." Well, Sir, I would add that if pacifists had been true to their humanism when the cry of the Refugees fairly hit the cliffs of Dover, and, *as a body* demanded of the Government life for the living as a basic political policy, the course of history might by this time have been changed. The Refugees are now *the only proletariat*. Their cause then should have been the cause of every Marxist who knows his Marx as something other than a government blue-book. And our own unemployed ? Surely the most hard-boiled Trade Unionist can see that the unemployed of this country are only the international Refugee incipient, licensed, and localised. You, Sir, are nothing better than a refugee in the eyes of the Conservative "National" Government, as indeed every opponent of imperialist war most assuredly is. Not because of animus, personal or political, but by reason of the necessity which drives out of the profit-hunting system all that does not minister to its immediate purposes. The Refugee is the surplus goods—not coffee to be burned, nor minerals to be poured into the sea, but men, women and children to be damned—which the tariff system ultimately creates. Surplus goods that cannot be turned into profit have to be exported, or kept in cold storage until they can be utilised in war. Germany bleeds the Refugee and casts the corpse over the frontier. We can afford to keep Refugees until such time as we are in need of regimented mechanics and redeemed militiamen. But their case is ultimately one with the Refugee, and would have been recognised as such had the pacifist in faithfulness to his creed raised his voice to its proper pitch in demanding that the democratic countries should understand the elementary principle of democracy by conceding to any man willing to work the right to live.

My letter is over long. So let me conclude it by asking whether a real facing-up to the problem of the Refugee on the ground of democratic principle is not at once a practical pacifist policy and an attestation of the fact that the pacifist should take a very responsible part in politics now and always, if he will only do what is incumbent upon all politicians, *viz.*, try to understand the day-to-day struggle and see which way the cat jumps.

12 Woodside, MAX PLOWMAN
Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

THE PACIFIST CASE

SIR,—As one who fought in the battles of Passchendaele and Cambrai in 1917 and took part in the March retreat of 1918, and has since become a pacifist, may I add my complaint to the others which Critic has received ?

I do not think he is merely unfair to Pacifists, but that he is destroying the possibility of ever achieving the Socialist Commonwealth, for which he and I are both working, by his advocacy of military methods to oppose Fascism. The Pacifist does not merely believe it wrong to "drop bombs and stick bayonets through people," but is convinced that only by refusing to do so can we advance towards the ideal of the Brotherhood of Man. A war to "protect little Poland" or to "defend freedom" would not kill Hitler or Mussolini or Fascism, but would destroy both Poland and freedom.

I wonder what Keir Hardie would think of some of the Leaders that have appeared in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION lately. His job was to preach Socialism and to spread the ideal of Brotherhood to people who were waiting for a courageous lead to revive their faith, and some of us are waiting for the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to give that lead now.

In the meantime, the Peace Pledge Union is forging ahead and growing very rapidly. It needs the co-operation and generous backing of all who believe that only by friendship shall we obtain world peace. JOHN BARCLAY

The Peace Pledge Union,
Dick Sheppard House, 6 Endsleigh Street,
London, W.C.1.

THE BATTLE OF THE RENTS

SIR,—I have followed your Battle of Rents with great attention. It is clear to me that Anonymous is speaking for the property owner and not the best type of property owner at that. Anonymous wants to sidetrack the issue on to rating reform and the need to tax site values. I fully agree with him, but am curious to know if Anonymous supported the L.C.C.'s Bill which was so fiercely attacked by landlords and thrown out by the Government.

It seems to worry Anonymous that rent strikers do not suffer as much as strikers in a factory. I do not understand this attitude. Both are fighting for improved conditions and the establishment of rights for the people. Landlords have had their own way for centuries. It is high time that responsibility for the shocking state of housing was pinned down to those who profit from it.

As for the International Brigade, if there are any tenants of Stepney who served with those gallant men, it is all the more credit for Stepney. T. ROSEN,

Stepney Tenants' Defence League, Organising Secretary.
83–85 Commercial Road, E.1.

CONSCRIPTS

SIR,—The papers have recently been full of reports enumerating the comforts and delights of the modern camps which have been prepared for Britain's new conscript army. We have been treated to intimate pictures of the life and amusements of their inmates. We have seen these "guests" at breakfast, lunch, tea ; at sing-songs, darts, billiards, ping-pong ; and, finally, we have seen them in bed reading by electric light, snug, comfortable and happy, with what appears to be sheets and coverlets. We have read about milk, butter, cheese and other items of their healthy nutritious diet. Some of us, in fact, may have been tempted to say that this affectionate attention of the War Office was wasted, for, although these young men were being forced to prepare to lay down their lives because of the failure of a foreign policy over which they are allowed no control or representation, they should be hardened to endure those awful conditions which they may have to face. Thus, we may have said, it is absurd that they should be given a good time now, because they will have a rotten time later on.

But I should like to point out that, although these conditions may pertain in some camps, many of these youths are experiencing conditions which so far differ from the homely scenes of newspaper idealism as to resemble the rigours of an actual campaign.

The 2,000 conscripts at Devizes are being trained in the orthodox manner and are learning to pay the price for this country (and Mr. Chamberlain). For the first few days, they lived in mud, water and tents without mackintoshes, or, in some cases, boots. Some had to sleep on bare wooden boards because the straw was too wet to put into their palliasses. There is no fresh milk, no fresh

butter, but there are Danish eggs. When they finish work at 5.30 in the evening, there is no ping-pong, no billiards, no wireless and no darts. There are no games. There is nothing, because nothing seems to have been ready for them except tents, cookhouses and latrines. (And a compulsory haircut, price 8*d*.). On arrival their clothes were sent back home. After they had enjoyed some days of this life, they were given leave for the week-end. Two days later it was cancelled, and they were given to understand that the reason was that they could not be seen in town in their uniforms. An evil rumour spread around the camp that the authorities wished to hush up the conditions. Finally, after the first evening, these members of this new army, who must counteract all tendency to snobbishness, were not allowed to go into the best pub in Devizes. Presumably they were not quite the right type to go there. So, in the words of an inmate, not only are they being forced to live in water, but they now feel like water-rats. I heard no complaint against the officers. They seem to dislike it as much as anybody.

I think it necessary that it should be known that some of the conscripts are being trained in the real old way, and, no doubt, their enthusiasm is the more intense, because the conditions described make it so much easier to feel that you are being considered in your enforced sacrifice. E. H. S.

GERMAN BROADCASTS IN ENGLISH

SIR,—This matter is becoming serious and will soon be an important international issue. We do not mind the funny twisting of news for our entertainment, but something ought to be done about the wilful and malicious quoting from my favourite weekly reading. Last night (Sunday) the announcer read almost in its entire form Tom Harrisson's article on "Tory M.P." To-night (Monday) he quotes Hugh Ross Williamson's letter on the Polish Guarantee in support of his contentions. G. B. H.

20 Denbigh Place, S.W.1.

LADY NOVELISTS

SIR,—May we be permitted to put on record that we deprecate most strongly the attitude adopted by your reviewer Anthony West, in his criticism of "Lady Novelists." The burden of his argument against them is that "their infatuation with the personal equation implies that the private mind has a value equal to the universe and all it contains." So it has. There is surely no abstraction which does not reach its maximum significance in the individual, at which point it ceases to be an abstraction and begins to be important.

Blake, no feminist, puts the point better than we can :

> To see a world in a grain of sand ;
> And Heaven in a wild flower ;
> To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour.

It is men, to-day, and not women who are willing to march to annihilation for abstractions. Germans *par excellence* are the race of abstraction-mongers. Havelock Ellis, who was taken in by no nonsense about the Social Self, was acute enough to admit that civilisation, to a great extent, is a process of feminisation, that is to say, of appreciation of reality even in its most trivial form. If Lady Novelists cannot accelerate this process then it is all of us who will be "down the drain." And a worse drain has never been constructed.

M. E. MITCHELL
DAPHNE NICOL } Lady Novelists

Seaford.

THE POLISH GUARANTEE

SIR,—While historians, in response to Mr. H. R. Williamson's question, are searching for a precedent for a unilateral guarantee making the other country the only judge of her own cause, I wish to add another question which should perhaps be addressed to international jurists rather than to historians. Does the guarantee to Poland really mean that Britain has "abdicated the right to determine the genuineness of the *casus belli*" ?

The words of the original statement of March 31st were : "In the event of any action which clearly threatened Polish independence *and* which the Polish Government accordingly considered it vital to resist with their national forces. . . ." I have ventured to italicise the *and*, which everyone appears to ignore. There are two conditions : (1) There must be a clear threat (of which surely the British Government reserves the right to be the judge) ; (2) the Poles must be ready to resist. In his explanation on April 3rd, the Prime Minister emphasised the first and added the second in parenthesis. If later declarations by the Foreign Secretary have the meaning commonly attributed to them, that the annexation of Danzig would be regarded by Britain as a threat to Polish Independence, that confirms the view that it is for Britain to decide what constitutes a "clear threat."

Are there any words of the Prime Minister or of the Foreign Secretary (as distinguished from semi-official explanations) which imply that the decision lies solely with Poland ? They will, I believe, be as difficult to find as an historical precedent for such a guarantee. E. E. DODD

Bingley, Yorks.

FEDERAL UNION

SIR,—"Critic" in a London Diary in your issue of July 22nd, makes an interesting point and one that should be stressed against all those people who object to a Federal solution of the European impasse. It is recognised that for our security it is necessary to pool our military resources with France (or even for that matter with Poland), otherwise a military alliance is meaningless. Why not then build a common society and a common economy ? Why not abolish passports and customs ? Military efficiency in the time of war is dependent as much upon economic resources as upon the number of men and machines available and the manner in which they are manoeuvred. If military alliances are formed for our greater security, must co-operation cease with the exchange of staff talks ? The last war proved that *in extremis* a unified control of all the resources of the Allied Powers was an essential to victory. There seems little logic in the theory that, when the danger is upon us, then only is the time ripe for the discarding of our treasured sovereign rights. If we are threatened now, now is the time to organise a Europe or a world to meet that threat. Behind the façade of the Peace Bloc with Russia the opportunity is given to us to build up a federation of States which will be able to impose a system based on law and order in the management of international affairs. W. LUCAS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THE GREAT UNWASHED" was, during the nineteenth century, an objectionable phrase used by well-to-do people for the poor. It did, however, lay the emphasis on a more important social distinction than those of birth, fortune, and education. The difference between people whose bodies meet regularly with soap and water, and those who are acquainted with neither, transcends all other distinctions, and in our muggy climate it can only be bridged by saints. Anything less than a good bath, or all-over scrub with soap and flannel, together with a change of underclothes, once a week becomes unpleasant. The daily bath, with a plunge or shower in the evening after hard physical work, is what is desirable. When Theodore Hook used the words "The Great Unwashed" a weekly bath was out of the reach of the great majority of his fellow-citizens. Ten years later, in 1843, only one house in twenty in Coventry, had a direct supply of water. And to-day, in a very large part of the country, a daily bath for all would be a physical impossibility. In very many villages there is simply not enough water during the summer months when baths are most wanted. I find, by measurement, that I use about eight gallons of water in my bath, but it is possible to use twice as much, and other forms of cleanliness, especially water sanitation, use more. Thus every increase in the standard of living, every form of social and health service means the use of more water. A cottager who has to carry his water from a well finds two gallons per head enough for the daily needs of a family, though more is needed on washing day. In parts of America the consumption is said to have risen to 100 gallons a head, per day! Consumption is likely to rise steadily and the problem of providing a supply will become much greater.

* * *

England's Water Problem, by H. Spence Sales and John Bland (Country Life, 18*s.*), is a survey in which the facts are collected and set before the reader. It would need a writer with Cobbett's lucidity and force and Darwin's power of dealing with all sides of a question, to write a book of this kind in an inspiring manner. England's water problem is essentially rural: 80 per cent. of the population is adequately supplied at present. Not all of the remaining 20 per cent. need a supply, since there is no merit in "company's water." London water, for example, is inevitably inferior to that enjoyed by many farms and cottages in the Highlands and the Pennines which have a supply piped from a mountain spring. What seems to be required is a village to village survey by medical officers of the areas without a public supply. 3,571 parishes are without piped supplies and we ought to know which need a supply for reasons of health and which will never really need one at all. The cost in many cases cannot be borne locally. The authors quote instances of parishes where a penny rate would yield £2 and water rates would amount to £50. They include a striking photograph of the villagers of Ingoldsby in Lincolnshire, drawing their rations during a drought from the village pump which was locked up between drawing the morning and evening supplies. Incidentally the photograph shows that the pump stands against the wall of the churchyard. Water from a similarly placed well at Winfrith, in Dorset, is reputed to make particularly delicate tea and I have heard the explanation offered that it is because the water contains phosphates from the bones of the rude forefathers of the hamlet.

* * *

The pollution of water by industry and by sewage provides no such amenities, and the loss owing to the pollution of our rivers is appalling. In Germany the subject has been studied from the point of view of saving waste products. Messrs. Spence Sales and Bland report that if all milk churns were put to drain over draining racks, for two or three minutes after being emptied, the saving of milk would be about 3 million gallons a year. Some of that wasted milk kills fish. I estimate that the Wye, which is one of our few clean rivers, produces some £6,000 worth of salmon annually, reckoning salmon at two shillings a pound. England is full of rivers in which salmon were once equally abundant and which could be restocked if the water were not systematically poisoned with sewage and industrial effluents. Many are now so foul that they are no use for water supply purposes even if purified by storage, filtering and chlorination. The pollution of the rivers leads to greater dependence on, and exploitation of, underground supplies for which all landowners are free to scramble. The authors give an example of waste at King's Langley, where the Rickmansworth Company's supply has been seriously affected by boreholes sunk by the Ovaltine Company, which extracts three million gallons a day for cooling purposes which then run to waste. Similarly the Wolverhampton supply has been reduced from $1\frac{3}{4}$ million gallons a day to half a million owing to industrial competition for the underground supply. The restriction of private boring is inevitable. Messrs. Spence Sales and Bland do not hint at what may ultimately help to solve the water problem—some as yet undiscovered reform of sanitation. The water closet is unsatisfactory. An improvement in chemical methods of dealing with sewage would save water, remove a continual source of pollution most dangerous to health, and prevent the waste of phosphorus inherent in our present methods. The authors might also have emphasised that the whole tendency of industrial and urban development has unfortunate effects. Modern drainage enables water to be carried away faster to the rivers which leads to an alternation of flood and scarcity. Many farmers complain that the use of the tractor leads to packing the soil harder than with horse ploughing, so less of the rainfall soaks in and more drains away down the furrows. Ponds are also seldom maintained by local authorities, but are allowed to silt up, and this accelerates the alternation of flood and scarcity. So, in a greater degree, does the withdrawal of supplies from the upper reaches of the rivers by public authorities, though the amount they may take is limited. If the pollution of our rivers was prevented and new reservoirs were constructed, to store and purify river water, the problem of supplies would be solved, though the expense of supplying many villages would have to be borne nationally. In certain cases the lack of a water supply should be a sufficient cause for prohibiting new building.

* * *

I confess to reading parts of *England's Water Problem* with exasperation as well as interest. In Chapter Ten, which deals with soil moisture, the authors say that the effect of cultivation upon soil texture has been studied by Vilensky who found that if the soil was worked when it was too wet it formed large, hard clods; that if it was worked when it was too dry, it powdered to dust; and that working the soil when it contained the critical amount of moisture led to its having "a maximum of water stability." Every farmer, every ploughman, every gardener, has always known that it is fatal to work land when it is too wet or too dry. What is more, he knows why. There would be no harm in Messrs. Spence Sales and Bland attributing these truisms to Comrade Vilensky if they did not add (without irony):

> But these principles have yet to be confirmed outside Russia.

They have been commonplaces since Adam first delved: This is not an isolated instance. On the same page they write!

> Investigations into the effect of exposure to weather upon soil structure have not yielded very conclusive results. It seems probable that the effect of frost upon soil structure is determined by the moisture content of the soil at the time of freezing, that the effect of rain is to break up the surface aggregates, and that the effect of drying a soil is to rebuild the aggregates.

Probable! Every countryman knows these things not as probabilities but as the most familiar facts. Everyone who wants a fine tilth hopes that frost will follow the ploughing, or the throwing up of the garden land into ridges with the spade. One has only to look at newly dug ground after a

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few frosts to see the wet clods split up and the dry clods left unaffected; one has only got to watch the rain falling, or to use a watering can, to see the "surface aggregates" breaking up and being washed away. There is also a photograph of a cow with the legend: *She may drink 40 to 50 gallons a day.* This will mislead the ordinary reader, though in fact it is literally true. A cow in full milk ordinarily drinks about twelve or fourteen gallons a day. Under very exceptional circumstances a cow may drink fifty, just as a man may drink two gallons of beer in an evening. One need not take either into account when catering. DAVID GARNETT

IMITATIONS OF HORACE

Imitations of Horace. Edited by JOHN BUTT. (The Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope.) *Methuen.* 15s.

This is the first volume to appear of this eagerly awaited edition, and includes some of the least known work of Pope. As other volumes will be devoted to his major poems and presumably will include a biographical sketch, a general consideration of Pope had better be left to their reviewers; Mr. Butt confines himself to elucidating as many allusions and borrowings as possible, and leaves the character of the great Borrower to be explained by others.

One would have enjoyed an account of the influence of Horace on English poetry, an influence which seems to have grown with the growth of London as a metropolitan city. For though Milton imitated Horace, as he has never since been imitated ("Lawrence, of virtuous father"), it was round the Court of Charles II that the impact of the Horace of the Epistles and Satires was felt. The Horace of the Odes is one of the great lyric poets of all time, but the Horace of the longer poems is the poet of a clique, a clique which is often repeating itself, and which rises constantly to power in highly civilised urban communities at the hub of great empires. Because this clique is reactionary, concerned with the eternal values of power, rank, fortitude, elegance and common sense, and opposed to the eternal truths of genius, whether spiritual or revolutionary, Horace has made many enemies, and more than once in romantic criticism appears the ridiculous statement (also applied to his disciple Pope) that nobody who admires him can admire poetry at all. To-day the attack has somewhat shifted. Horace was a Perfectionist, and Perfection, as the imperfect are always telling us, is Dead. The Perfectionist is sterile, a figure, according to Day Lewis, embalmed in a glacier.

What did the imitators of Horace imitate? It is clear from reading Rochester, Roscommon, Dryden, Cowley, that what appealed to them was sophistication, the new possibilities of personal relations, the improvement in critical values, the discovery of Taste, which were afforded by the increased security, wealth, artificiality, and centralisation of the London of Wren and the Court of Charles II, a civilisation which owed much to France, to St. Evremond, Boileau, Molière. They were fascinated by the mechanism of clique life, by conversation without brawls, disinterested friendship, criticism without duels, unpunished sex. They were modern in the sense in which Pepys is modern, early products of an urban culture, with a newly developed city sense, and an interest in more mundane ethics in friendship, the use of riches, in the value of moderation or the follies and rewards of youth and age. In Rochester, the freshness of these discoveries gives to his adaptations a vitality, a clumsy naivety which is lacking in Pope, and which is the difference between the Londons, of Charles II and George II; and Dryden, being also a lyric poet, and a genius, is also a greater translator, because he comprehends diversities of the original which escape his more talented, but more limited, successor. His translation ("Descended from an ancient line") is one of the best poems in English. But it is not in translation that the influence of a writer is felt so much as in work indirectly inspired by him, and it is in Pope's *Moral Essays*, in his *Epistle to Lord Burlington*, or his *Characters of Women* that his debt to Horace is repaid, repaid by the depth and variety of observation, the perfection of form, and by that manliness which was the Roman contribution to poetry, and which, present for so long in English verse, has in our time degenerated into heartiness, and now disappeared.

When Pope comes to translate Horace, in spite of his enormous verbal felicity (no tight rope has been more delicately walked) one is conscious of three defects which intrude themselves. One

is that the heroic couplet is not the natural medium for translating the hexameter, and although the colloquial and broken conversational effects of Horace are exquisitely done, there arises a certain reproach as one compares the splendid and sullen force of the original with Pope's urbane numbers. Another, and graver defect, is that while we take Horace's estimate of himself on trust, we cannot do the same with Pope, and while Pope in these poems is in love with his own moderation, loyalty, and devotion to virtue, they seem day-dreams, illusions which sharply engender an awareness of their opposite, when we compare them with the rude avowals of the original. Most serious fault of all, Horace, although eighteenth century in much of his thought, was an ancient Roman, and Pope seems too anxious to fit him, like Doctor Donne, into the *dixhuitième* mould. On the lecherous, irritable, and prematurely bald man of genius the periwig does not quite fit, and it is his lyricism which must suffer. Thus, as Swift translates "*o rus quando ego te aspiciam*," "O could I see my Country Seat," so Pope makes :

> O noctes coenaeque deum, quibus ipse meique,
> Ante larem proprium vescor,

into

> O charming Moons, and Nights divine
> Or when I sup, or when I dine.

and one feels that his translation is inadequate, because he lacks nostalgia, just as his most beautiful lines are those in which nostalgia appears. Mr. Butt quotes a sentence of Addison, an epitaph on the Augustans. "It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights."

Yet at his best Pope leaves common sense far behind, as in his expansion of the lovely *Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.*

> Years foll'wing years, steal something every day
> At last they steal us from our selves away
> In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,
> In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend :
> This subtle Thief of Life, this Paltry Time
> What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhime ?

and

> Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day ;
> Long as the Night to her whose love's away ;
> Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
> When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one ;
> So slow the unprofitable Moments roll
> That lock up all the Functions of my soul ;
> That keep me from Myself ; and still delay
> Life's instant business to a future day.

"Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora"—if there had been a little bit more of Johnson in Pope, Horace would have been born again.

This volume includes the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, which has always struck me as a priggish and even vindictive poem, in which Pope's inferiority complex is unhappily at work, and though the invective to which it rises is unique, the pats of self-justification and self-flattery undermine the whole. In Pope, as in Tennyson, sensuality was more rewarding than a moral sense.

Mr. Butt's notes follow through the poems like a handrail in a subterranean passage, and one comes to lean on them heavily. He makes the political significance clear, and a parallel emerges with our own time, for Walpole, with his appeasement, was not unlike Chamberlain, and Bolingbroke, the lion in opposition, not unlike Churchill. Could not these lines be applied to the Hero of Munich ?

> Oh ! could I mount on the Maeonian wing,
> Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing !
> What seas you travers'd ! And what fields you fought !
> Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought !
> How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
> And Nation's wonder'd while they dropped the sword !

But the appeal of Pope must always be to lovers of poetry, to those who appreciate the subtlest arrangements of which the language is capable, and they will look forward to the remaining volumes of this admirable edition, perhaps regretting that the old spelling was not preserved, but more concerned with the mysteries of versification, the technique of a great artist :

> O you ! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
> On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of Praise ;

Such lines seem all air, yet the structure is rigid, and each word has weight.

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Family Ties. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Tough Guy-Smart Guy. By DAVID TEILHET. *Chapman and Hall.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The question as to whether Mr. Pumphrey, or Miss Steen, should come first on the list was settled by recourse to the alphabet. I have misgivings about according the former priority, because a novel is a novel, and Miss Steen has written one, and Mr. Pumphrey, strictly speaking, hasn't. Yet he has flashes of quality that Miss Steen lacks. Therefore—the alphabet.

These first two books are peculiarly adapted to a consideration of the question of Idiom. *Pink Danube* lies in what, to me, is the most comforting of modern fiction countries. To the north, lies the new, industrial town of Isherwoodstadt, and to the south, the vast, old, lazy pleasure-cities of Comptonia and Normanville, from which, on fine days, one may descry Firbank Island. It is somewhere on the central plateau, near the site of the old, deserted capital, Yellowbook, that we find Pumphrey Cottage. *Pink Danube* deals with the adventures of a young intellectual of eighteen who has just been sacked from Eton, and who is trying to be a university to himself in Vienna: period, the Dollfuss bombardment of the workers' flats. The minor characters consist, of course, of inquisitive, seedy *gräfins* (" Is he of your first society ?"). odd, rich American ladies, and odder, less rich English gentlemen. The book's faults are considerable, and very much of the kind that usually appear in this kind of hypersensitive, semi-autobiographical writing. The construction is wildly haphazard; there is very little feeling of inevitability, and, most disturbing of all, one senses that the author has not made up his mind about his own relationship towards his characters. His sympathies rise, and fall, and revolve, and all one can do is bump along behind, swearing that detachment is the prime literary virtue. For no obvious reason, the novel is written in the first person, which has entailed attributing to a boy of eighteen the notions of a man of thirty. Unkind critics, moreover, will re-christen the book *Mr. Carson Changes Trains.* But I don't intend to dwell on these faults, if for no other reason than that Mr. Pumphrey champions a virtue which seems to me both important and very neglected—correct Idiom. The author of *Family Ties,* for instance, has some of the same kind of tittle-tattle in her technically far sounder book, and it is full of mistakes. In the future, when the social historian wants to write a piece about how intellectual dandies talked in the 'thirties, he will be misled by nearly all our authors, especially Coward. The 'twenties had Huxley and Compton Mackenzie, and there is Norman Douglas going back farther than that. To-day (and whether it is a " good thing " or not isn't the point) there is practically no one. This is what gives *Pink Danube* a particular value. The completest character in this volume is Julius Carson, an ageless, fishy, intelligent, sponging, good-timing creature who plays mentor to the hero. He is an excellent production altogether, and the phrasing and timing are both just and gay. Here he is talking to " I," the hero, in a restaurant :

> " But I don't ask for very much," I said, since it is, after all, fun talking about oneself. " I only want to acquire a point of view. I only want to be somewhere in particular."
>
> " The impertinence of it ! What possible right have you to a point of view ? At this moment I am giving you a pancake full of apricot jam. You must concentrate on that. Somebody will always be there to give you a pancake. You will, I am sure, be an ornament to society. But you have no claims to make upon it further than the apricot jam. A point of view, indeed ! I know people of genius who would not dare demand such a thing for themselves. What would you do with it ? Narrow your outlook ? Mislead others ? "
>
> I flared up at this. " If it comes to genius, Alfred Noyes once told my mother . . ."
>
> " Oh, I know, I know." Suddenly his eyes became terror-stricken. " But what's the use of it all, when everything is against us ? We lay our plans and then something enormous comes along and makes an ass of us. Even, perhaps, of Alfred Noyes. The children will have a war, too, and then they'll see."

There is a charming person called Liesl Stamm, whom the hero falls in love with, and a flawless portrait of a rich, silly sissy called Christopher Mann. (His disparagement-adjective is " unchic.") Apart from party-life, there are remarkably sensitive descriptions of a snowy little village near Vienna, and of the Semmering landscape. The hero abandons *Wilhelm Meister* and Eliotish poems for Communism and Liesl, and then abandons everything to find himself tricked by Julius into returning to England with an agreeable young Buchmanite. This is very funny, but somehow, unacceptable. *Pink Danube,* indeed, is like a series of microphotographs that have got mixed. But, because of its accuracy, its interest for some people will be permanent.

Family Ties, on the other hand, has a beginning, and an end, and a " proper " story. Simon Crowe is an altruistic, youngish publisher, who has married the daughter, Christian, of an overwhelming, nonconformist, industrial knight. Christian is devoted, good, and not very bright. The volume is concerned with the interference, ending in social ruin, that is provided by the prudery of the parents-in-law, and the duplicity of a girl in a tea-shop, whom he takes for a harmless drive. The background of the book is the publishing and reviewing world, and the descriptions of it seemed to me so extraordinary that I questioned a publisher about it. Apparently, it is quite true that some reviewers allow themselves to be cajoled by sherry and chipolatas, and the things I heard about a man on a daily made my hair stand on end. It seems, luckily, that the reviewers on weekly papers are not expected by their editors to kow-tow to advertisers. At all events, if anyone wants to know how literary reputations are played fast and loose with, they should buy *Family Ties.* As a novel, it has its uncomfortable moments. When Simon, who is far more priggish than the author realises, takes a little Cockney tart out in his car, we find the following :

> Whatever might be her designs on him, he found her harmless and pitiable. He had always had sympathy for these children of squalor, whose horizon is the chimney-pots, their paradise the picture-theatre. He sympathised with their crude attempts to realise their ideals . . . etc., etc.

There's something very tiresome and haughty about that, one feels, and it is all the more curious in that Miss Steen did not intend Simon to represent such points of view. She does not intend to be ironic, either. This is the puzzle of the book. Her personalities are more English, and less pleasant, than she knows : they are effective by mistake, so to speak. Finally, there is the Idiom. Do Burke's Landed Gentry say " Pardon ? " Is the " Paphian bleat of the tenor sax " any longer possible as a phrase ? Was it ever ? Do smart young men say " flicks " for " cinema " or " movies " ? Is " or 'narily " Cockney ? No, it is American. Etc.

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C. F. G. Masterman. By LUCY MASTERMAN. *Nicholson and Watson.* 18*s.*

A good biography not only gives pleasure to those who knew its subject well but makes the total stranger feel that he has just met a new friend—or enemy. I have been able to put Mrs. Masterman's life of her husband through this test since, before I read her book, Charles Masterman was little more to me than a name vaguely connected with National Health Insurance and the *Nation*; and I can testify that it passes with honours. It is a long time since I read anything which moved me more profoundly, and now I have finished reading it, my one regret is that I shall never be able to talk to the man I have learnt to know in her pages.

The excellence of *C. F. G. Masterman* is partly due to its defects as literature. It is not a well-constructed or finished work of art—a memorial volume in honour of a distinguished man—but a loose collection of material, quotations from his writings and, most delightful of all, from Mrs. Masterman's own diaries. Curiously enough, the very shape and texture of the book helps to bring out the personality it describes; it is confused and yet out of the confusion grows a clear sense of purpose; it moves with abrupt changes from humdrum political life to ecstasies of boyish high spirits and to gulfs of personal disillusionment. It is without dogma but inspired by simple ideals, formless and yet dynamic with the shape of things to come. But, miraculously, out of this chaos emerges the living image, the loose body slouched in an arm-chair, the boots tied up with string, the long sharp nose and streak of clammy black hair hanging over the forehead—Charles Masterman, talking, talking, talking, with that queer blend of violence, cynicism, and religious intensity which often disguised his intellectual and administrative powers.

But *C. F. G. Masterman* is not merely the portrait of a man of action. More than anyone else, not even excepting Lloyd George, Masterman was the expression of his epoch, and the personal ill-luck which dogged him throughout his career was a reflection of the deeper tragedy which shattered the pre-war movement for social reform, split the Liberal party and ended in the National Government of 1931. The cynicism which grew on Masterman in his later years was due to his perception of what was to come. It was not merely that he was "out"—though for a man whose life was Parliament that was galling enough—but that he foresaw already in the 'twenties the collapse of the democratic movement in this country:

> It is an amazing company as you look on it. There are men of distinction, men of universal courtesy, men who have served the Empire, and yet as a collective entity are entirely blind to the signs of the times. . . . When the House cheers the sound is as the falling of autumn leaves. When it laughs it is like the plaintive rippling of a wayside stream.

These words written of the Baldwin Government of 1927 have a truly prophetic ring.

Charles Masterman was one of a large family brought up in the Spartan evangelical atmosphere so typical of middle-class Victorian family life. After a rough but enjoyable Public School and a double first at Cambridge, he took a prep. school with his brother. But the experiment failed, and he returned to Cambridge where he obtained a Fellowship. But in spite of his firsts he was no academic: acute self-criticism—he suffered throughout his life from bouts of melancholia—was intensified by the asceticism of his faith and drove him into the slums of Camberwell. There, in an attempt to save his soul, he found himself in politics and journalism. Within a few years he was a notable crusader, exposing "the conditions of the people" to an unresponsive middle-class. In 1906, after one unsuccessful attempt, he was elected Member of Parliament for West Ham.

Like Lloyd George, with whom he soon struck up a close friendship, Masterman was out of sympathy both with official Liberalism and the statistical humanitarianism of the Fabians. He was a man of action who saw the issue not in terms of blue books but of politics, and he entered Parliament at one of those rare periods when such men have a chance of action. Viewing his life from 1906 to 1914 through Mrs. Masterman's outspoken diary, we can realise the astonishing achievements of the Liberal Government. Opposed by all the "powers that be" both inside and outside the Cabinet, the Reformers carried everything before them. We sometimes forget that at the start their prospects seemed hopeless. The Liberal majority was an uninspired mass of prosperous industrialism and nonconformity: the grand figures of British politics were dead or on the other side. In 1908 Masterman writes to his wife:

> Massingham and I agreed that the Liberal Ministry divided itself into two classes: adventurers, who have no character background but great influence; and men with character who have none. Poor old England! I suppose we shall blunder ahead somehow; and that posterity . . . will lament the bareness of its leaders in comparison with the great days of the Asquiths and Georges and Burns and Churchills!

Strange how this irony was turned into sober truth by the accident of Lloyd George's Budget, which suddenly gave the social reformers the lead and forced the business men to become the reluctant supporters of social revolution.

And what a Government it was! Even the Whigs and the Liberal Imperialists (Asquith and Grey and Haldane and McKenna) were real human beings with acute minds open to argument. Even John Burns, whose mind was neither open nor acute, was lovable. But above all it was a Government of youth. Winston and Lloyd George were in their prime, and Masterman was 33 when he became an M.P., 38 when he steered National Health Insurance through Parliament and was invited to enter the Cabinet. In these days when pompous septuagenarians are considered indispensable, it is pleasant to recall a time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer could race his under-secretary up a tree and afterwards cook picnic sausages on a tin over an open fire. Then senile statesmen did not excuse their impotence to a patient people. There were industrial disputes, in which Cabinet

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ministers did not disguise their sympathy with the men. There was a hostile House of Lords, but it was fought, and Masterman put through Health Insurance in the face of the Northcliffe press, the Tory party and a doctor's strike. At no period of our history has the people had a comparable leadership in its struggle against privilege and oppression.

The only personality which did not fit into the picture was Mr. Churchill. Mrs. Masterman is a merciless critic and she did not like this young romantic, who was too happy mobilising the troops against the strikers. To the social reformers he appeared a Tory Democrat, who considered leadership a Napoleonic quality and measured legislative proposals not by the benefit they would bestow but by their "rhetorical potentialities." It is melancholy to consider that the new blood which the Cabinet needs in 1939 should be the least liberal of the Liberals of 1908.

Had it not been for the war, the Liberal Government, in alliance with the Labour Party, might have brought this country somewhere near social democracy. But 1914 reopened the fissures which always threatened the Liberal Movement. Lloyd George saved England at the cost of his own soul, and Masterman, who had done invaluable work organising propaganda, refused a coupon from his old friend in 1918. The great democratic movement was split and organised Labour, long before it was ripe for responsibility, became the official Opposition, and a minority Government. The rats scampered from the Liberal ship, and the best men sank with it.

Masterman was one of the few who grasped what was happening. His wife recalls how in 1923 Harold Laski came to him with overtures from Ramsay, who was prepared to offer him office. When Laski had left, Masterman remarked "It worries me: I wish he hadn't come, I wish he hadn't told me." For him to join the Labour Party on grounds of conviction was one thing, to join it in response to an offer of office was another. So Labour got the easy consciences but the best men stayed away. Already in this fact we find the seeds of our present discontents. A senile government of privilege rules because the Labour Party cannot unite, as pre-war Liberalism united, the democratic movement of this country. That is not the fault of the Labour Party, but of history herself. The brooding cynical fatalism of Masterman's writings in his later years was due to his apprehension of this fact. He was a failure, not because *he* had failed, but because history had thwarted the social revolution which was his life.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CHIN P'ING MEI

The Golden Lotus. Translated by CLEMENT EGERTON. *Routledge.* 4 vols. £4 4*s*.

The Chinese novel known as *Chin P'ing Mei* was written about 350 years ago. The identity of its author is uncertain, and the work contains patches from another hand. "Till the twentieth century," I quote from Mr. Arthur Waley's preface to *Dream of the Red Chamber* (Routledge), "the Chinese did not class novels and plays as literature. . . . This no doubt is due partly to a Puritan attitude with which our own eye is not altogether unfamiliar. Love, it is assumed, should exist only as a means to procreation. Between whiles, lest it should acquire a scandalous prestige of its own, it ought not to be written about or discussed. Fiction, in China or elsewhere, insists upon treating love as a romantic passion rather than a bourgeois obligation . . ." The *Chin P'ing Mei* was not merely despised by the scholars, it was suppressed, towards the end of the 17th century, by the authorities. The author, indeed, treats love as gallantry rather than romance. Entitled *The Golden Lotus*, the first English translation has now appeared—another version is promised for the autumn.

I began reading the book with some trepidation—it runs to over 1,500 pages—but I continued to the end, and the experience was fascinating. Meanwhile, two friends picked up each a volume, and soon found themselves immersed. I conclude that the book is likely to have a wider appeal than one might suppose. But *The Golden Lotus* is not a second *Tale of Genji*—it is not even, as far as I can judge, a great novel. The author is remarkable neither for imaginative power nor for intensity of feeling. There are many pretty turns of phrase, but I suspect them to be traditional. This is a prosaic book about commonplace people. Here indeed, I think, is the explanation of its charm: gradually, like an archaeologist piecing together the evidence provided by palaeolithic cave-dwellings or the excavations of a Knossos, we find the picture of a past society designing itself in our imagination. Similarly, Macaulay's New Zealander centuries hence might deduce Victorian England from the novels of Trollope.

In this society there is little we could call "thought," religion is mere ritual, all the energetic characters behave badly. *The Golden Lotus*, indeed, professes to be a cautionary tale about a corrupt man in a corrupt society, and occasionally the author directly addresses us to point a moral, but he impresses one not by any distinction of mind but by the acuteness of his observation. This novel is far more realistic than the cinematographic epics of Zola, or the sumptuous embroideries of Flaubert. Money, food, drink and love-making are the preoccupations of the characters (as they are of most human beings); the effect of these appetites makes the subject of the book. The "hero" is a young man living in a city near Shantung, during a period of misrule nominally during the Sung Dynasty. (In fact the novel is a direct description of contemporary life towards the end of the Ming Dynasty.) The action is divided between his seraglio (where he keeps six wives, a daughter, a son-in-law and a number of servants) and the outside world, where by smart trading he increases his inherited fortune, by well-placed bribery attains official powers. A blend of Casanova and Rockefeller, for three volumes he continues to get more wealth and more women; then the moral of the book, rather belatedly, is driven home: he dies from an overdose of aphrodisiac, and catastrophes overwhelm his accomplices in wickedness.

The character-drawing is less remarkable, I think, than the translator suggests, but one character, the Golden Lotus herself, is a masterpiece of fascinating villainy, reminding one of Mme. Hulot in *La Cousine Bette*. Anyone who has visited the labyrinthine Seraglio at Constantinople or the Ali Kapi at Isfahan must have tried to imagine the pullulation that once obtained there—not a *Scheherezade* lavishness of lovelies, but swarms of fat idle illiterate women, crowded together, quarrelling, spying, lying, eating sweets. Modified by the refinement of Chinese taste and the elaboration of Chinese manners, the life of a gynecaeum is in this novel most convincingly painted: we watch the jealousies between the wives, reflected and intensified in the jealousies between their servants; the tale-bearing, the visits of greedy relations, the humiliations, the petty cruelties, the incessant intrigues. The women are less exactly segregated than among Moslems, they receive male relations and on occasion strangers, they drink wine. The prostitute plays an important part in social life: several of the hero's wives began as "singing girls," and when ladies give a party to their female friends, they send to the brothel for entertainers, who are warmly welcomed, even visiting the nursery. Nuns, monks and professional "go-betweens" (female marriage-brokers) busy themselves with various mischiefs. There is a perpetual interchange of presents, silk, silver, pigs and stuffed ducks being specially appreciated; slaves play Leporello or Antinous; justice is based upon bribery and torture; security depends upon protectors, who themselves may fall, at the Imperial Court; and ultimately the fate of each individual is determined by his horoscope. The peculiar interest of *The Golden Lotus*, I think, is that it describes with detailed naturalism a society conspicuous for material elegance. If Defoe had lived in the Venice of Titian or of Tiepolo, he might have produced a European equivalent. I doubt if our Chinese author was remarkable for aesthetic sensibility, but he belonged to a civilisation with a great tradition of style in art, manners and every department of life; his writing, in verse as well as in prose, is full of phrases and images that are no doubt conventional but surprise and enchant the ignorant Western reader. He has great skill in narrative, so that we always want to know what happens next; and towards the end of the book we perceive that he has a wider sweep of imagination than we had supposed, for the destinies of the characters after the hero's death do more than point a moral—they reveal the inevitable hand of Nemesis.

How far this English version is accurate I cannot tell, but it reads very smoothly, and the style is both euphonious and matter-of-fact. Professor Giles declared that the translator of the *Chin P'ing Mei* would need the nerve of a Burton, and at moments Col. Egerton has taken refuge in the decent obscurity of a learned tongue, which is much preferable to mutilating the original. But the numerous readers who are pained by the details of love-making, though they delight in the details of murder, are advised, even if they know no Latin, to leave this book alone. For my part I am profoundly grateful to the translator for the long labours that have given me a singular and most pleasurable experience.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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Suggestions for TOURS will be found on page 193, col. 1

LORCA

Poems. By F. GARCIA LORCA. Translated by STEPHEN SPENDER and J. L. GILI. Selection and introduction by R. M. NADAL. *Dolphin Bookshop.* 7s. 6d.

Federico Garcia Lorca, the Andalusian poet, was not forty when he was murdered in Granada in mysterious circumstances at the beginning of the Spanish civil war. A non-political writer in the party sense, his name was bandied about by people whose fanaticism reads politics into everything. Lorca's upbringing was Catholic but his mental background was liberal. For the extravagantly reactionary groups in Spain that would have been enough. Mr. Nadal, who was Lorca's friend and who writes an intelligent introduction to the present selection of poems, protests against the tendency to claim Lorca as popular in a class as distinct from a racial sense. There is certainly nothing proletarian about Lorca; on the other hand, it does not seem to me that the word popular in Spain can be divided into class and racial. The difficulty is that Spanish popular racial feeling can be both nationalist and revolutionary.

Lorca's position in the Spanish poetry of his generation was a unique one. It was, as Mr. Nadal says, a personal triumph. People believed in *Lorquismo* almost before he had written anything. He became a legend of wild good fortune, entertaining his friends, reciting his poems, playing and singing to them in perpetual session, a huge success everywhere, South America and New York included. This triumph of youth is the privilege of Andalusians; effusively creative, born actors and rhetoricians, they are saved from superficiality by the primitive depth of their traditions. Lorca was a superb example of the eccentricity which some consider a vice of the Spanish genius—so it is, in its minor figures—and his vitality was able to branch out of the early Ruben Dario stage which every modern Spanish poet has had to go through, into the audacities of surrealism without wrecking his gifts. In the end it is his classical tragic sense, with its abiding values, which stabilises him. *The Ode to the Death of a Bull-fighter* and the tragedies, *Bodas de Sangre* and *Yerma*, indicate the powers of his maturity as a dramatic poet writing for the theatre.

The difficulty of translating Lorca is not great—though he has his untranslatable lines, if one is content with literal translation. His natural, child-like sweetness, his conceits, his telescoped images and passages of violence can be done straight into English. The poem *With a Knife* from *Bodas de Sangre* is an example of Lorca's extraordinary anthropomorphism "brought off" in English, by the austere unselfed scrupulousness of the translators:

> And it scarcely fits into the hand
> but it penetrates coldly
> through the astonished flesh
> and there it stops, in the place
> where trembles entangled
> the dark root of the shriek.

There is no doubt about

> I want to see here those men of hard voice
> Those that break horses and rude the rivers:
> those men of sonorous skeleton who sing
> with a mouthful of sun and flint.

But he has to be left stark, to strike fire from us when he can or leave us simply gaping at an alien world. There is no domesticity of that imagination. For the world of love, blood and death, rendered with his concatenating rhetoric or pure naivety, is alien to us. His words require declamation, the sound of the animal voice, a really revolutionary feeling (such as Lawrence and Whitman tried to arouse) for the physical, before they can become anything but rhetoric to ourselves. What we call civilisation he called slime and wire.

It is the privilege of the primitive to preach the collapse of our intimate lives. Lorca's Whitman, that aged man with "beard full of butterflies," who "dreamed of being a river and sleeping like a river," is one moaning

> like a bird
> with the sex pierced by a needle.

To the negroes of Harlem he calls to the blood, so mystically endowed by the Spanish mind in a sense which we have always lacked:

> This is the blood that comes, that will come through roofs
> And terraces to burn the chlorophyll of blonde women.

The Harlem poem is Lorca at the height of his bizarre period—one thinks of phases of Picasso—and it contains some brilliant surrealist touches:

> Then, negroes, then, then,
> You will be able to kiss with frenzy the wheels of bicycles;
> To put pairs of microscopes in the caves of squirrels . . .

In our own surrealists one misses the passion and delight of Lorca's audacities; beside them our own look like dodges from the Oxford Street joke shops or nicely perverted studiousness.

The present selection is admirably made to illustrate the phases of Lorca's development and English readers owe Messrs. Spender, Gili and Nadal a debt for this first really catholic introduction to his work.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BIOGRAPHY

Turgot and the Ancien Regime in France. By DOUGLAS DAKIN. *Methuen.* 15s.

Louis XV. By ALFRED LEROY. *Massie.* 8s. 6d.

The Lovely Quaker. By JOHN LINDSEY. *Rich & Cowan.* 15s.

The work of Turgot, one of the greatest practical reformers in modern history, is set forth very fully and lucidly by Mr. Dakin. Turgot, who was of noble birth, was opposed to the privileged classes. He wanted a monarchy which should rule in the interests of the masses, and tried to make this ideal clear to Louis XVI, who as he went to the guillotine may have remembered the letter Turgot wrote him when dismissed from office—"I hope that time will not justify me, that your reign will be as happy and as tranquil for you and your people as your principles of justice and your concern for your people once promised."

Louis XVI's predecessor is the subject of Monsieur Leroy's book, which belongs to what one might call the appeasement, or inbunking, type of biography, the aim of which is to remove mistrust and to create affection and confidence where there are no grounds for either. Carlyle wrote of Louis XV—"Miserable man! thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of Nature; the use and meaning of thee not yet known." The use and meaning of Louis do not become any clearer after reading Monsieur Leroy. Louis, Monsieur Leroy says, was full of mischief and amusing ways when a boy; he made one of the gentlemen in attendance on him shell nuts, and spat in another's face. Nor was he unduly debauched; there were never more than three girls at one time in his Parc-aux-Cerfs retreat, and the establishment was presided over by "a discreet and reliable middle-aged woman."

The Lovely Quaker, Harriet Lightfoot, may or may not have been secretly married to George III. The evidence as set forth by Mr. Lindsey is in favour of the marriage, but, as Boswell said of another matter, "the world must vibrate in a state of uncertainty as to what was the truth." Mr. Lindsey imparts some of his own excitement to the reader, but is too sweeping in his generalisations on several questions. Justice, to give one example, was much less savagely administered in the eighteenth century than he suggests. A woman sentenced to be burnt was strangled first, and juries constantly saved thieves from death by declaring that the objects stolen were of less value than was necessary for a death sentence.

HUGH KINGSMILL

THE BUILDING OF CANADA

Canada, 1763-1841. By NORMAN MACDONALD. *Longmans.* 21s.

Here is an admirable and full-weighted, indeed, a necessary book. The beginnings of Canada have, of course, not been neglected by historians, and yet Dr. MacDonald has had the good fortune to strike an almost unworked mine—the economic upbuilding, or rather chaos, of the two Canadas during the period between the conquest of Quebec and the Act of Union in 1840. The governing problem of British Canada was land—Crown grants, privileged ownership, capitalist follies, quit-rents and what not, the whole making a mountainous complication which could only be made to yield a clear narrative in the hands of an historian with the right gift of selection and lucidity. Happily Dr. MacDonald has that gift.

The geographical and social divisions of Canada made a unified colonial policy impossible, even if in the England of George III there had been any hope of it. Quebec had its own rigid French framework and the Maritime Provinces afforded the nearest escape for destitute labourers from the British Isles, while the farm lands of Ontario were a perpetual temptation to the land companies. Within a few years, for instance, one company obtained more than 2¼ million acres in Upper Canada. The figures for Prince Edward Island and other regions were no less startling. The

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

COUNTY LIBRARY.

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in the County Library, Morpeth. Salary £150 per annum, rising to £200 per annum. Candidates must possess professional qualifications for, and experience in, library work.

Further particulars and form of application, which must be returned to this office before August 12th, 1939, will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

County Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. July, 1939. H. M. SPINK, Director of Education.

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HOUSEKEEPER Wanted. Gentleman offers refined, homely and cultured widow and child exceptionally comfortable home and moderate salary in return for sole management. Write 56 Sydenham Road, Croydon. Photo appreciated and returned.

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EXPERIENCED Secretary-Teacher, English (40), Ph.D., expert German, French, rapid shorthand, Spanish, wants half-time post October. Box 5766.

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Rates and all information on page 189

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WOMAN has unfurnished room, use kitchen and bathroom, S.E.3. Also two furnished rooms, August 18th–Sept. 14th. 'Phone: Greenwich 3404.

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During the first half of the year this paper sold

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Government at home plunged into one muddled policy of colonisation after another. At one time they were thinking chiefly of ridding the land of paupers and pensioners; at another, of strengthening the Protestant element in Canada, or discouraging the flow of British migrants to the United States. For ten years after 1815 there were attempts of many kinds at planning. Most of them were dismal failures, but here and there a one-man venture would display remarkable results. Then for a time the theories of that original master of colonial theory, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, had their turn. He was for careful purchase, close settlement, and local leadership by the well-to-do; Canada knew his methods as the New South Wales system. The Canadian authorities were equally afraid of revolutionary ideas from Europe, of American egalitarian notions, and the lure of the advancing Republic to the South. In the quarter-century following Waterloo the total number of immigrants from England was about 600,000, but it was admitted that a considerable percentage of these drifted into the United States. Canada, harassed by constitutional quarrels, lay at the mercy of a variegated horde of grafters and exploiters. Dr. MacDonald's absorbing narrative leaves the reader marvelling at the tenacity and long-suffering of the British colonist, and it raises in the reader's mind one question above all: what might have been the difference in the destiny of the Dominion if British settlers could have united for the overthrow of the feudal land tenure and governing system, which were obsolete and indefensible for at least half-a-century before the despatch of the Durham Commission at the dawn of the Victorian age?

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Europe—Going, Going, Gone! By COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN. Illustrated by W. GOETZ. *Peter Davies.* 8s. 6d.

Europe is not being auctioned but merely going to the dogs. Its aristocratic culture will be superseded by the machine-made product either of Totalitarianism or of U.S.A. If the latter, some of our traditions may yet be preserved. The book starts as a nicely illustrated 1066 and all that + Baedeker for innocents abroad, and ends with eloquent denunciations of the Nazis. The hiatus was caused by the occupation of Austria: it is bridged by "Adolf the Grater." The author's command of English (both trans- and cis-Atlantic) is such that, epigrams quite apart, he can pun and coin new words at will. The plums never stick too far out of the pudding. Count Ferdinand Czernin is a liberal nobleman of the eighteenth century, a good European and a good Austrian. For him "with the French Revolution history ends, and politics start"; hence he is blind to the popular and democratic aspects of Nazism. Austrians generally disapprove of Hungary, despise the Czechs and spoil their urbanity by an inferiority-complex towards the Prussians. The author is silly only about the last. To the conventional sequence Hegel-Prussia-Nazis he prefixes Immanuel Kant! He might instead have reflected on Hitler's Austrian characteristics and on the South German extraction of his principal followers. But he has the root of the matter in him. "The severest blow Democracy could receive would not be to lose a war, for it might then still come up fighting once again, but to win a war and once again to lose the peace. Then Democracy and Europe are doomed."

The Growth of American Democracy. By JEANNETTE P. NICHOLS and ROY F. NICHOLS. *Appleton-Century.* 16s.

This is a book to be warmly recommended to all who wish to study the American social and economic background, and to understand American politics and American foreign policy to-day. Although it is 750 pages long, well-documented and scholarly, it has hardly a dull page. Starting with the English migration to America and life in the Colonies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it leads on to the War of Independence, the Civil War, the settlement of the West, the growth of Big Business and the latter's marriage with politics, the ill-favoured child of which union was graft. The narrative continues down to the beginning of 1939, and an analogy is drawn between the political careers of Wilson and Roosevelt, the Democrat Presidents who started out as domestic reformers but shifted their attack "from domestic industrial abuses to greater tyrannies on a world scale." Wilson, in 1916, thought he could "inject liberalism into world relationships." Roosevelt during the past year has apparently become more concerned with international relations and "adequate defence" than with domestic reform. Having found the New Deal struggle for security complicated by international insecurity, and American prosperity under a free political and economic system impossible without the recapture of markets lost to countries employing barter and quota systems and a managed currency, Roosevelt has entered the European power politics game, or is at least striving to do so in spite of the isolationist opposition. The authors of this book suggest, in their concluding pages, that American democracy will survive only if Americans "can successfully avoid the influence of centuries of ancient European rivalries, to escape which so many of their fathers crossed the seas to the new world."

Agrarian China. Selected Source materials from Chinese authors. With an introduction by R. H. TAWNEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The publication of this volume, compiled and translated by the Research Staff of the Secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations, will be most welcome not only to all who are interested in the Far East, but also to the economic historian, the sociologist and the economist. Europeans who can read Chinese have, with a few notable exceptions, confined themselves to research work on the history, literature and culture of Ancient China, and few Sinologists know anything about the problems of Modern China. But a growing number of Chinese scholars have of recent years devoted themselves to research work on economic and social problems, in particular on China's fundamental problem, that of the land, the peasant and the landlord. The results of this mass of research, published in Chinese journals and books, are now for the first time made available in the English language. The selections given range from general studies of the land problem to detailed studies of the situation in various provinces and on-the-spot investigations carried out in particular villages. Rural reconstruction is China's most pressing need, both in order to win out against the latest barbarian invasion of her ancient land and in order to win through to democratic government, economic security and political stability. Such studies as the ones in this book can alone provide the knowledge on which fundamental reforms can be based. As Professor Tawney points out in his introduction: "A government which grapples boldly with the land question will have little to fear either from foreign imperialism or from domestic disorder. It will have as its ally the confidence and goodwill of half a million villages."

BOOKS TO COME

Three of the new plays to be performed at the Malvern Festival this year will be published by Constable during August. Dr. James Bridie's *What Say They?* a comedy written for the Festival is staged in a Scottish University on the day of the Annual Rectorial Election.

Sir Robert Vansittart's *Dead Heat* is a witty social comedy of the kind in which the late Charles Hawtrey used to excel. The principal characters are a bewildered but epigrammatic peer, two Parliamentary candidates, a shrewd dowager, a smart flâneur who sponges on his relatives and a determined young girl in love with one of the candidates. All of which sounds agreeably Foreign Office and *ancien régime*. These two plays will be issued in book form on August 8th and 9th respectively whilst the Festival is in progress.

Of Mr. Shaw's *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, there is still no information beyond the statement that it is not about Nell Gwynn.

Dr. Bridie has also completed what he calls a bourgeois autobiography, *One Way of Living*, which will be published by Constable in September. It is, he says, the story of a life of careful indolence and happy torpor—a tribute to inertia. The inert Doctor is a practising physician, an extra-mural lecturer in a Glasgow hospital, a director of the Scottish National Theatre Society, a journalist and a playwright whose works are analysed in serious works on the drama. However, he insists that his experiences and achievements are due to a determined abstention from personal effort and paints a portrait of himself as a man "carried" to success without his own volition. Those who complain of a lack of form in his plays will know what he means.

The book on Germany's war chances by Dr. Ivan Lajos, alluded to last week, has since acquired additional interest through the institution of criminal proceedings against it by the Public Prosecutor of Pécs, the author's University town in Southern Hungary. It is to be prosecuted on the grounds that it disseminates false information detrimental to Hungary's foreign policy. All copies will be confiscated.

Since the book has been selling furiously for two months without interference, it is clear that representations have been made by "a neighbouring Power." In his preface, Dr. Lajos argues that "German politics have purposes in view which are not consistent with Hungarian interests," and he draws a comparison between the potential resources of the Democratic States and of Germany which is most unfavourable to the Reich. Gollancz now hope to publish the book in about a fortnight's time under the title, *Germany's War Chances*.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel, *Let the People Sing*, is to be broadcast by himself in twelve weekly instalments before it is published by Heinemann in the autumn. The first reading will be on September 3rd. Extracts from novels and dramatisations have, of course, often been broadcast before, but this is the first time that a complete new novel has been put across in this way. It seems to be a modern development of the minstrel idea with the advantage that the minstrel gets all his public together at once. *Let the People Sing* is in the manner of *The Good Companions*.

Mr. Leo Walmsley is a writer who has succeeded in making several very good novels out of his own life as an inshore fisherman in a village on the Yorkshire coast. After the failure of his invention of a patent lobster-pot, he left Yorkshire with his wife for a derelict army hut on the coast of Cornwall where they made their own furniture out of washed-up planks, built a boat, and lived on what they could catch and grow. This pioneering life is the subject of *Love in the Sun*, his new novel which will be published by Collins on August 3rd. The hero writes novels which have only a *succès d'estime* until one of them is filmed.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, July 30, at 11 a.m., H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE CIVILISED PERSON." 7 p.m., MRS. FLEMMING: "THE ABUSE OF WORDS."

HAMPSTEAD Communist Party. IVOR MONTAGU outlines Communist Policy. "THE FIFTH COLUMN VERSUS THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN." Lyndale School, 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Tuesday, August 1st, 8 p.m. Admission free.

SUMMER SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE. Tree Summer School, August 16th–21st. Lectures on Forestry Camps, Trees in relation to Farming, Soil Erosion, Trees and Housing. Inclusive fee, board and tuition, at Newnham College, Cambridge, £3 16s. 6d. Write Men of Trees, 2 Jay Mews, S.W.7.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 189

This is Mr. Walmsley's own story. *Three Fevers* was filmed as *The Turn of the Tide.*

Tremulous Hero, a book dealing exhaustively with the life and age of Cicero, is coming from the Pallas Publishing Company at the end of August. Its author is A. F. Witley (*alias* Dr. Alex. Forbath) author of a psychological thriller called *Dangerously Blonde*. MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

About Motoring

THE REAL PROBLEM OF SPEED LIMITS

FROM time to time compassionate observers of our road accident returns utter or publish strong pleas for a universal speed limit, applied to all roads, without discrimination; or for a lower speed limit than the current 30 m.p.h. applied to restricted urban areas. If we grant, which traffic experts refuse to do on the whole, that high speed is the dominant cause of road casualties, such a solution seems both simple and obvious. Herbert Spencer defined a tragedy as the destruction of a beautiful theory by an inconvenient fact. The inconvenient fact which—except on one extreme assumption—is devastatingly fatal to the speed limit panacea, is that no practical means of devising any method of enforcing speed limits has been devised, or even suggested. The speed limit has progressively been raised from twelve to thirty miles an hour, after standing at twenty miles an hour during the longest chapter of its varied existence. Yet in every chapter the speed limit has been far more honoured in the breach than in the observance. A moment's thought will indicate that even an enormous staff, furnished with costly apparatus, has always found it very difficult to secure convictions for breach of the speed limit even upon such roads as were kept under close observation. When traffic was sparse, concealed policemen with stop watches were employed to time motorists over measured sections of road. The police force is comparatively small. Timing in fractions of seconds is a job for a highly trained man. At least four men and two vehicles are required to execute both-ways timing over a stretch of road. For various reasons this method of enforcing the earlier speed limits never proved successful, and in fact was never applied except very sporadically. With the vast increase of traffic in recent years it proved so futile that it was dropped—on many major roads at week-ends the traffic may be in the region of two thousand vehicles per hour, and four men can neither time a procession, or cut out notable offenders in that procession. So nowadays the existing mild supervision of restricted areas is carried out by the so-called "speed cops." A couple of police in a fast car patrol the road under supervision, fall in behind any suspected car, take station behind it, adjust their pace to the speed of the suspected vehicle, read off their speedometer, and stop the offenders farther along the road. It is obvious that under this method only one motorist at a time can be observed with precision, and that unless a colossal and expensive police force is assigned to the task, only a very small percentage of our national road mileage can be so observed. (Of course, if a speed limit of any kind were applied to all roads without exception, this practical problem would be intensified a thousandfold.) Furthermore, this particular method only nets the stupider motorists. The police cars soon become known in the locality; and the mere sight of one of them is enough to make local owners keep inside 30 m.p.h. In a recent case the offender—a lorry driver—was found to have the registration number of every local police car chalked up in the cab of his truck. Or again, a doctor of my acquaintance, who likes to drive fast though he never has an accident, always parks his man in the rear compartment of his Rolls, and on entering a restricted section merely utters the one word "Perkins!" Perkins promptly slews half round in his seat, and keeps a look out through the stern window for any tailing police car. I myself am a law-abiding citizen, as men go; but I confess frankly that I do not observe 30 m.p.h. limits very stringently unless I have reason to suppose I am being tailed, or unless the road conditions are such that common sense suggests a reduction of speed, when I drop to twenty or even ten miles an hour, irrespective of whether I suspect a police car is in the neighbourhood or the locality happens to have rather a fierce reputation for prosecutions. I admit I have treated speed limits in this very natural fashion throughout the whole period of their existence, and yet I have only once been charged with exceeding a speed limit, and on that occasion the needle of my speedometer was being held firmly on the 30 mark, because I knew the reputation of the local police. The drivers who get fined for exceeding the speed limit nowadays are all casual and unobservant people; it is easy for any intelligent driver to escape such charges both by day and by night. The police, the Home Office, and the Ministry of Transport are completely aware of all these facts; yet earnest, well-meaning and compassionate folk are always writing to the newspapers, pleading for the extension of speed limits, and for the imposition of still lower speeds in restricted areas.

It should by now be obvious that there is one, and only one method of enforcing a speed limit, which is to construct all power vehicles in such a fashion that they cannot exceed the speed limit allotted to them by law. This is mechanically quite simple. From time to time various manufacturers have artificially restricted the speed of their new cars at delivery, as by inserting a restrictive washer in the inlet pipe. What has been done to prevent over-running of a new engine could obviously be done to reduce permanently the speeds of all motor vehicles. (To be absolutely complete, I should add that all cars could be fitted with gigantic speedometer dials on their stern panels, so that any observer could see at a glance whether they were keeping inside the law or not; such a device might be used if the proposed speed limits were confined to certain restricted areas only.) This mechanical solution is perfectly feasible from the purely technical angle; but it transfers the whole problem into a different sphere, which might roughly be defined as political. A dictator could impose it on a nation, though no dictator has yet considered it worth his while. No known democracy would submit to it. The noisiest opposition in the democracies would presumably come from the private motorists, including the motor cyclists who are normally artisans; but a considerable volume of opposition—and very active opposition—would come from the firms who transport food and other commodities, and from the motor coach owners, who transport people whose incomes do not permit of their owning personal motor transport. In short, nobody has yet devised an efficient method of enforcing even moderate and local speed limits, let alone vindictive and nation-wide speed limits. R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 491.

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for an English poem, not necessarily a sonnet, on the same theme as Baudelaire's *Recueillement*:

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille.
Tu réclamais le Soir; il descend; le voici:
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant;

Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Aug. 4th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 489

Set by T. W. Earp

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best poem for *The Bad Child's Book of Insects*, in not more than 16 lines.

Report by T. W. Earp

The companionable Matthew Prior was responsible for this problem. His poem on the Book-Worm curiously anticipates Mr. Belloc, from its beginning :

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey. . . .

to its end—

Ye critics, born to verse the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose.

What had been done before might, it seemed, be done after, but not enough allowance had been made for the seriousness pervading modern verse, putting a brake even on its higher flights. The insect-world gave too easy a chance, in many cases, for political allusions, approaching sheer invective. These were ruled out in the hope that they would be above the bad child's head. The happiest entry in a satire vein comes from Allan M. Laing, but is flawed by the split-word rhyme—

When children, brought up rich and free,
Are bitten by the Common Flea,
Their parents should ascribe the blame
To sheer neglect to Play the Game.
For fleas have one redeeming trend :
It is, to shun the town's West End,
And, when untempted, solely bat—
ten on the proletariat.
But there ! If John despises nurse
And goes with kids from Bow, or worse,
He can't complain, though highly *natus*,
That vulgar fleas mistake his status,
And exercise their legal right
To One Experimental Bite. . . .
And John not only feels the pang,
But lets his class down with a bang.

The contradiction of time-honoured allegories was another well-followed approach to the problem, best illustrated by an extract from Encolpius's entry :

Avoid that pious fraud, the mantis,
See what an awful prig the ant is. . . .
The busy bee the books commend
Is not in any way a friend—
Frustrated females who must work
Just like a reflex knee-cap jerk.

But the spirit of the model was better captured, in its guileful innocence, in such examples as these lines from Miss Wontner's Woodlouse :

Your little feet were not designed
To stamp upon the insect kind.
(Nor would it be the slightest use ;
His shell is far too hard to bruise.)
Lastly, my child, you never should
Talk about " lice " without the " wood."

and H. P. Blunt's Cimen Lectularius :

An uncle whom we did not like
Collected one while on a hike,
And left, before he'd paid his bill—
The landlord's looking for him still ;
The bed is yet in use !

I wish I had space to quote Mr. Gaffikin. Miss Hibbert's Freudian entry is recommended for the first prize, and Miss Scott's metaphysical one for the second.

T. W. EARP

M

For M, upon the other hand,
Murderous Miastor Midge may stand.
(Please notice, with due admiration,
The elegant alliteration.)
For he, to give his ego play,
Devours his mother straight away,
And then, the perfect Extrovert,
Uses his Granny as dessert.
This Œdipean cannibal,
Thus sublimates, once and for all,
Mother, fixation and neuroses
By taking her in daily doses.
He knows too, as bad children should,
That what you fancy does you good,
While Inhibitions spell Disaster,
eMancipated Midge (Miastor).

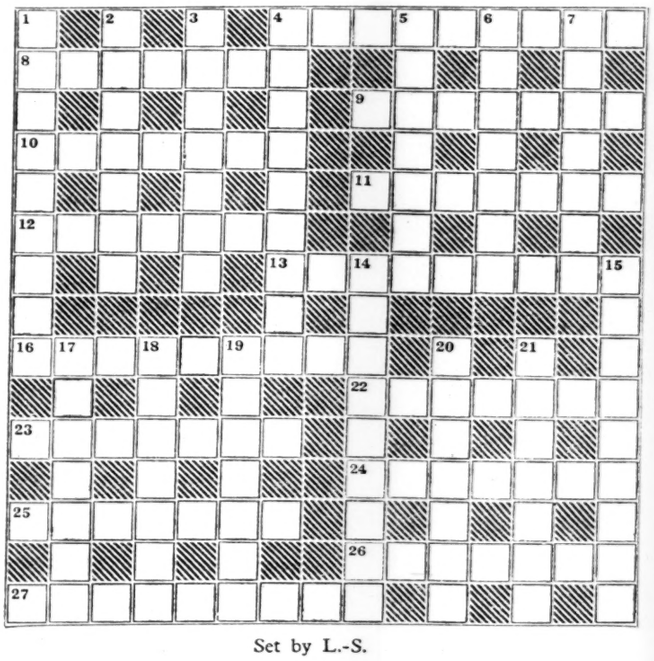
EDITH HIBBERT

Maintain, much as a house-fly does,
All day an intermittent buzz ;
Vow to be silent, and succeed
As some clog-dancing centipede ;
Outdo the moth of perforation,
And plotting self-extermination ;
With a disciple's strong devotion
Copy the ant's perpetual motion ;
Prick on, like midge or sharp mosquito,
Mamma to wrath and wholesale veto ;
All this the Little Humbug can,
And is the greatest pest to man.

I.I.S.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 490

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
H. J. Bostock, Shawms, Radford Bank, Stafford

ACROSS.

4. 12 cards dealt at bridge. (9)
8. Where you would look for a crow's nest. (7)
9. The kind of plant that hid Moses. (7)
10. Gen. Franco ran toward the middle. (7)
11. I took her amongst the fry. (7)
12. Trying to get a glimpse of His Majesty. (7)
13. Revolver to hold you up at the entrance. (9)
16. Military idea of a Cloth Hall ? (9)
22. Where a friend should prove useful. (7)
23. A brilliant synonym. (7)
24. The map is to be redrawn. (7)
25. Sets the ball rolling as it were. (7)
26. The Huns all caught in ravines. (7)
27. Does this mean that you find it in the mirror ? (9)

DOWN.

1. Suitable beach for speed trials ? (9)
2. A great reef. (7)
3. Companion container to the bran tub. (7)
4. Will no doubt give you a good tannin'. (9)
5. Disturbance in court. (7)
6. Difficult but successful turn ? (7)
7. Aloof State. (7)
14. They may be one's trial. (9)
15. Where you might get an Ascot seat. (9)
17. A part of the camera is in somebody's pocket. (7)
18. Appropriate name for one of Elia's dream children. (7)
19. " Just for a —— of silver he left us." (7)
20. C + AA is the recipe for this. (7)
21. This was an Archangel's language. (7)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	O	R	Y	D	O	N	■	S	T	R	O	C	A	L
A	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	H	■	U
T	H	O	U	G	H	T	■	R	E	A	D	I	N	G
C	■	T	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	D	■	A	■	G
H	A	L	F	A	L	O	A	F	■	J	U	N	T	A
A	■	E	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	U	■	T	■	G
S	I	T	U	P	■	A	R	M	I	S	T	I	C	E
C	■	■	■	E	■	L	■	I	■	T	■	■	■	C
A	S	T	E	R	I	S	K	S	■	S	Y	R	I	A
T	■	O	■	M	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	A	■	R
C	A	R	V	E	■	C	H	O	R	I	S	T	E	R
H	■	N	■	A	■	U	■	U	■	N	■	T	■	I
C	H	A	P	T	E	R	A	N	D	V	E	R	S	E
A	■	D	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	A	■	A	■	R
N	O	O	N	D	A	Y	■	S	E	R	A	P	H	S

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

POLITICS AND SHARES—MR. KEYNES AND BORROWING STRATEGY—JAPAN AND THE CHINESE DOLLAR—GAUMONT-BRITISH

It has been quite a cheerful week on the Stock Exchange, except in the gilt-edged market which is fearful of the new issues to come and refuses to be consoled by Mr. Keynes. The little boom in Wall Street, which appears now to be slowing down, may have had some effect, but the mainspring of the rise in British equity shares has been the more cheerful "political" sentiment. After all, the week began with Mr. Hudson's famous "peace plan" and ended with rumours of Anglo-Russian staff talks, if not war plans. Perhaps I should also mention the maintenance of the interim dividend by Imperial Tobacco which was not without its encouragement. In a long list of rises in industrial shares, Dunlop Rubber and artificial silk shares were prominent. There was nothing to account for the rise of about 2*s.* 6*d.* to 30*s.* in Dunlop Rubber except knowledgeable buying on reports that the turnover and trading margins of the company had increased enormously this year. In the artificial silk market Courtaulds and British Celanese first and second preference shares have been conspicuously strong. Not only has the rise in rayon output been maintained, but the staple fibre producers in Belgium, Germany, Italy and Great Britain have just signed an agreement for the orderly development of their world markets. The recent increase in Courtauld's interim from 1½ per cent. to 2 per cent. was proof that the rayon tide had turned. There is even talk of profits being earned on British Celanese ordinary. The rubber share market was pleasantly surprised by the decision of the International Rubber Committee to raise the export quota from 55 per cent. to 60 per cent. as from July. Tin producers are also taking heart. Captain Oliver Lyttelton, who had no difficulty in disposing of the critics of his control at the general meeting of Southern Kinta, declared that the recent increases in the free quota had had a marked effect on earnings and that Southern Kinta should be able to increase its next interim dividend. A good pointer for tin shares.

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Mr. J. M. Keynes sticks to his guns. In two further articles published this week by the *Times*, he re-states and elaborates the policy which, he considers, should be followed by the Government in relation to Defence borrowing. Briefly, his thesis is that a rise in interest rates should be avoided (a proposition which everybody will endorse), and that it can be avoided if the Treasury refrains from long-term borrowing until Government expenditure, financed by bills, has generated additional incomes and savings, and until extra supplies of bank cash (required to float an adequate expansion of the bill issue) have given bankers and investors a surfeit of liquidity. Then, he argues, provided that other competitive borrowing is strictly controlled, the Treasury will be in a position to dictate its terms; for investors, institutional and private, will tire of holding surplus funds in liquid forms at negligible rates of short-term interest. As a guide to borrowing strategy the Keynesian plan is sound; but I still feel that its author is oversanguine in his claims. Two factors have to be borne in mind. First, can it safely be assumed that the conditions of maximum liquidity which it is proposed to create will not lead to increased expenditure on consumption goods rather than increased savings? Secondly, will investors be ready to sacrifice liquidity in the Government's favour at a cheap price when commodity values will almost certainly be rising, and "blue chip" equity yields include a large "risk margin"? According to the Actuaries Investment Index ordinary shares now return an average yield of 5.66 per cent. The rise in ordinary share values this week is a reminder that investors are attracted by yields which are on the average about 2 per cent. above that obtainable on 2½ per cent. Consols, especially when there is the prospect next year, or when full employment is reached, of an inflationary rise in prices.

* * *

From the financial point of view, the chief uncertainty created by the ambiguous Anglo-Japanese "basis for discussions" relates to the future of the Chinese dollar, which has now depreciated by roughly 50 per cent. The Prime Minister assured Parliament on Monday that the Japanese had made no demands for the surrender of the silver reserve lodged by the Chinese Government at Tientsin, and that in the Tokyo talks Britain would not agree to anything "calculated to impair the Chinese currency or Britain's right to grant credits to China." How this attitude is to be squared with our virtual undertaking not to impede Japan's efforts to secure victory in China Mr. Chamberlain did not explain; and Sir John Simon's replies to questions in the House on Tuesday strengthen the belief that the British Government has no intention of "provoking" Japan by giving further assistance to the Chungking currency. The Chancellor practically admitted that the £10,000,000 stabilisation fund was all but exhausted, but "no further action is under discussion." In other words, we propose apparently to throw up the sponge and allow Japan a free run for her Hua-Hsing notes. We have not gone quite so far as this yet. The Government no doubt still intends to argue about this; it will insist that the currency question affects other countries as well as Britain. The task of supporting the Chinese dollar would not be light, in any event. Japan now controls all the ports through which China's exports are shipped, while Shanghai's growing import surplus is swollen by Japanese purchases paid for in yen. To put up further stabilisation credits whose only purpose would be indirectly to finance Japanese imports into China would be absurd. On the other hand, to allow Japan to destroy the Chinese currency means crippling Chiang Kai-Shek's Government and abandoning every hope of recovery for British trade with China.

* * *

It is good that Sir William McLintock has been appointed by the Board of Trade to conduct the inquiry into the Bernales group of Australian mining companies. It is hoped that the inquiry will be expeditiously conducted, seeing that the Stock Exchange Committee has banned dealings in the shares of eight of the nine companies in the group. The inquiry into the affairs of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation is not setting a good pace. It was stated in the House of Commons earlier in the month that the inspector had asked for certain documents and accounts relating to subsidiary companies but that they had not then been put at his disposal. Said Mr. Stanley: "I cannot pretend that the directors of the company have been as helpful to my inspector as I would have expected them to be." No doubt Mr. de Bernales will disregard this bad example. It is unfortunate that the delay in this inquiry is holding up the proposed issue of capital by Odeon for the purpose of acquiring control of Gaumont-British.

Company Meeting

ALLIED BAKERIES

INCREASE OF CAPITAL APPROVED

MR. W. GARFIELD WESTON'S ADDRESS

THE Fourth Annual General Meeting of Allied Bakeries, Limited, was held on July 20th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Mr. W. Garfield Weston, the Chairman, said that their company had been built up by the acquisition of strong independent businesses throughout the country. At the beginning of the last financial year eighteen operating bakery companies were controlled.

The directors at that stage had decided to consolidate within the existing framework and to extend and speed up the programme of modernisation and re-equipment of bakeries. Over £170,000 had been spent during the past year, and there were contracts in hand to the value of approximately £272,000.

The fundamental idea was to improve the quality of bread and to give customers goods of quality at a reasonable price, together with attractive and reliable service.

When the operating companies ended their year on April 1st the directors had been able to report an increase in profits of over £100,000 and were satisfied that they were again in a position to extend the activities of the company. Negotiations for the acquisition of the entire Ordinary share capital of Weston Foods, Limited, were successfully completed, and their company had thereby acquired the controlling interest in a group of four modern biscuit factories and six other companies operating in the bread and confectionery business. The scope of the company's operations had thereby been widened. It was his experience that the industry as a whole was inherently stable and he had never yet encountered a period during which both the bread and biscuit industries had been severely depressed at one and the same time. Though the figure of goodwill might appear to be high, it represented less than three years' earnings.

The Government Department responsible for food supply in the event of war had welcomed the co-operation of their company in the preparation of plans for the maintenance of bread supplies should a national emergency arise. The geographical layout of the company's organisation did, he believed, make it practically invulnerable, and, in the event of hostilities, it should be a great national asset.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and at the subsequent Extraordinary General Meeting the proposed increase in the capital of the company was unanimously approved.

Company Meeting

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

THE forty-eighth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., was held on July 24th at Furness House, London, E.C.

Lord Essendon (the chairman) said that when they met a year ago he had expressed a hopeful view of the future on the ground that most of the elements needed to bring about a revival in international trade were merely waiting upon a return of confidence in the political sphere. It was a matter of common knowledge and common regret that the political situation throughout the whole of the past year had continued in a state of vacillation between hope and uncertainty. In consequence, trade had lacked the confidence essential for settled conditions.

The profit and loss account, frankly, was somewhat of a disappointment to the directors, showing as it did a net credit balance of £505,121, which was £115,000 less than in the previous year. They recommended a dividend of 4 per cent. on the ordinary capital.

The Government was fully alive to the difficulties and the President of the Board of Trade has expressed its intention to give support to British shipping. A sum of £2,750,000 was to be made available annually for a period of five years from January, 1940, by way of a subsidy for tramp ships in the deep sea and near trades, but not the coasting trade. Unlike most of the foreign subsidies, the sum was only to be made available when the level of freight rates fell below a specified index. It should ensure a living standard, but no more.

The problem of the cargo liners was of a different character, and the Government had determined to appoint a small committee to advise as to the nature and extent of any assistance that might be found necessary out of a fund of £10,000,000 to be set aside for that purpose.

The practical evidence of the Government's intention to support British shipping had possibly been accelerated by the knowledge that the British share of world tonnage had been gradually falling during the past few years, but, strong as those defensive measures were, they could not of themselves ensure the building of more ships. Consequently the Government had gone further and had devised means whereby encouragement would be given to build new tonnage of the tramp and cargo liner type.

The shipping industry felt that there were two very strong grounds in justification of the Government's proposal, namely, the necessity of providing work for shipyards and engine works and the maintenance of their personnel, and, secondly, the urgent need of additional ships under the British flag for purposes of protection in national emergencies.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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